ALD. J. W. FINDLAY

MURDER IN HEART OF JOHN BLUE WHILE HE READ TORONTO BOOKLET

Erudite Easterner Writes "This Canada of Ours" and Doesn't Even Know Alberta Grows the Finest Wheat in World; Should Take Trip West

Bombs aren't always big round balls with fuses attached. Sometimes they come in the form of cloth-bound booklets with patriotic titles, and have just as disturbing an influence.

That was the case, in any event, when Secretary John Blue of the Edmonton board of trade on Wednesday morning was handed a little red book with "This Canada of Ours' inscribed in his chair in approved secretarial upon the cover. Mr. Blue settled back style, adjusted his glasses to the proper angle, and delved between the covers of the book in search of useful information.

For a few brief moments there was

Grunts of Disgust

silence; then from the secretarial throat came grunts expressive of deep disgust.

" 'This Canada of Ours,' " exclaimed the secretary. "Why, these fellows don't know there is any Canada west of the great lakes!"

The reporter, always of an inquisitive turn of mind, gently inquired the reason for the great disdain. Without a word, Mr. Blue handed the little red book across, his finger pointing to a now conspicuous paragraph.

Ranching in Alberta

The writer had been speaking of Saskatchewan. "As we proceed westward," he continued, "the wheat fields become fewer and fewer. Alberta is, in fact, more of a ranching country than anything else."

The reporter understood.

Further along in the book, there was another little tid-bit which said that 'the capital is far to the north, at Edmonton." This to John Blue was the last straw.

Appalling Ignorance

"We talk of the 'wide open spaces' of the west," he exclaimed, "but the dark spaces in the minds of writers who have never been out of the east is still more appalling." One of the board of trade's neat little pamphlets will go forward to furnish "illumination," he added.

The writer of the book in question is Stewart Wallace, University of Toronto librarian, an old college mate of Mr. Blue's. This made the situation still more annoying.

The illustrations in the book are also not good. The picture of the Rockies is, in Mr. Blue's opinion, " a photo of a crag," rather than a panorama of the grandeur of the greatest mountains in the world. A picture of the prairies looked "more like a calf-pasture, being an Ontario orchard, than anything else," his secretaryship further declared.

RUDOLF CO-RESPONDENT

Memories Of Earliest Western Days Revived By Pair Duelling Guns

Feb 17 1936.

Memories of early days in the west when the adventurer-trader used duelling pistols to honorably settle disputes; when countless buffalo roamed the plains and when two great fur-trading companies—the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company—struggled desperately for the supremacy of the North West, were revived today.

Pictures of firearms used by Duncan McGillvary and John Macdonald of Garth, fur traders in the Edmonton district 140 years ago at the time Fort Edmonton was built, have been received by Professor E. A. Corbett, department of extension, University of Alberta, from A. de Lery Macdonald, Montreal, grandson of Macdonald of Garth. J. K. Macdonald of 9932-105 street, Edmonton, is a grandson of Macdonald of Garth's brother.

HOW RELICS DISCOVERED

The firearms which consist of a silver mounted buffalo gun used by John Macdonald of Garth in the North West Territory from 1792 to 1815 and duelling pistols used by his friend Duncan McGillvary prior to 1806 in the north west are at present the property of the Montreal descendant and unless they are purchased by some Edmonton resident will become part of the collection of the McCord Museum, Montreal.

The story behind the firearms and how Professor Corbett learned that they are at present in Montreal can best be told in Professor Corbett's own words:

"About three years ago I delivered an address over the Canadian Radio Commission on John Macdonald of Garth and the part he played as a fur trader and adventurer in the north west. Shortly afterwards I received a letter from A. de Lery Macdonald of Montreal, who happened to hear the address I had given. He informed me that he was a grandson of the early adventurer and that he had many relics which would be of interest to Edmonton people. When I was in Montreal, sometime later, I called on him at his home in Dorchester Street and found his home a perfect museum of priceless manuscripts, letters, guns, furniture, books and pictures, most of which had been in the North West during the early days of the fur trade.

A COLORFUL CAREER

"A great deal of the documentary material is of value to the historian and has been recently placed in the McCord Museum, Montreal. A few days ago I received photographs of the duelling pistols used by Duncan McGillvary in the North West prior to 1806 and the silver mounted buffalo gun used by Macdonald of Garth during the early days before 1815. Macdonald shot from his left shoulder as his right arm was deformed. Proof of this fact can be seen by carefully examining the buffalo gun which has the hammer and the lock on the left hand side instead of the right.

"Macdonald of Garth had a colorful career. He spent the years 1792-1815 in the North West, mostly around Edmonton, as a representative of the North West Fur Trading Company. As a young man he came from Scotland and after enlisting with the North West Company of Montreal was immediately sent to posts along the North Saskatchewan.

"The Indians called him Bras Croche because of his deformed right arm. Macdonald made quite a name for himself by announcing that he was descended from the Lords of the Isles and that his ancestors had an ark on Lock Lomond before Noah was ever heard of, into which was gathered the fairest and bravest of Scotland, which accounted for the superiority of the Macdonalds since that time, he claimed.

LONG WAY ROUND

"One of his most remarkable feats was accomplished in 1812. That year he left Edmonton and went home to Scotland for a holiday. While he was in London he received word from Simon McTavish, head of the North West Company telling him that the company had decided to take Fort Astoria from John Jacob Astor at the mouth of the Columbia River. Macdonald was ordered to take the Fur Trading Company's ship, The Issac Todd, which was then at Southampton, proceed around Cape Horn and up the Pacific Coast to the mouth of the Columbia River.

"Here he was to be met by a group of partners who would have proceeded overland from Edmonton by way of the Athabasca Pass and together they would drive John Jacob Astor off the Pacific Coast.

"This was accomplished and Macdonald of Garth returned to Edmonton by way of the Columbia River and Athabasca Pass. Probably the only man in history who ever left Edmonton by the Saskatchewan River and returned to it by way of the Columbia," Professor Corbett said as the interview came to a conclusion.

TWO STALWARTS MEET

Macdonald of Garth died in 1866, age 92 years. On August 1, 1859. Seven years before his death, he was visited by Simon Fraser, one of the oldest stalwarts of the Hudson's Bay Company, after whom the Fraser river was named.

The two old adversaries talked over their past glories and in Macdonald's diary, under the caption of "Last of the Old Nor Westers" they drew up and signed the following statement:

"We are the last of the Old N. W. Partners—we have known one another for many years—which of the two survives the other we know not—We are both aged—we have lived in mutual esteem and fellowship—we have done our duty in the stations allotted us without fear, or reproach—we have braved many dangers—we have run many risks—we cannot accuse one another of anything mean or dirty through life—nor done any disgraceful actions—nor wrongs to others—we, have been feared, loved and respected by the natives—we have thus lived long lives—we have both crossed this continent—we have explored many new parts—we have met many new tribes—we have run our race and as this is probably the last time we meet on earth, we part as we have lived, in sincere friendship and mutual good-will."

J. Macdonald
Simon Fraser

1, August, 1859.

Note: This was written at Gart, Gray's Creek, Cornwall, Ontario, where Simon Fraser had visited his old friend.

JOINS STAFF OF INSURANCE FIRM

EARLE H. DAVISON

has been appointed city representative for the Continental Life Insurance Company. He was well known in the bond business in the west for many years. Well known in musical circles, he is a member of the Civic Opera Society.

Born in Newport, Vermont, he received his early education in Guelph, Ontario and came to Alberta in 1911. He was for 10 years provincial secretary of the Boy Scouts Association for Manitoba and Ontario. He is active in the Optimists' club and in the First Baptist church in whose choir he is tenor soloist. He was formerly president of the Young People's club.

GREW FIRST WHEAT IN ALBERTA, DIES

D. Grier, Early Mountie, Rancher, Passes at Lethbridge

LETHBRIDGE, Feb. 6 — D. J. Grier, 78, who died at Macleod, carved for himself a permanent place in the annals of southern Alberta. In addition to his mounted police connection in 1877-90 he was one of the pioneer ranchers of Alberta, and later was connected with the Indian department.

Mr. Grier raised the first wheat in southern Alberta and later sowed in 1882 Brandon seed, five bushels secured at a cost of $5 a bushel.

The last buffalo he saw, he said, were on the Little Bow, about 50 head. The Indians, who were getting pretty hungry for a buffalo steak, heard of the bunch and swarmed out there and soon had them. Mr. Grier said that in 1877 a small bunch of cattle were brought in from Montana and in 1881 he went down to the Choteau country, Montana, and bought 100 head for $20 a piece.

Bulletin 50 Years ago.

Major-Gen. Strange, who commanded the Alberta field forces in the campaign of last summer, writes to La Press of Montreal that the alleged report of the operations of his column appearing in the militia report over his signature is not the full report furnished by him, and that the omissions pervert the facts in matters concerning the reputation of his men and of himself. Also that the British Government has docked him half a year's pension for the time he was employed in active service by the Canadian Government. What excuse can be given or defence offered for such an outrage by the authorities in compiling the report, which, as the General remarks, "must become the basis of history," it would be interesting to know. It would not have been lack of space, for in the same book which omits all mention of the Loon Lake fight and garbles the account of that at Frenchman's Butte, full particulars are given of the organization of a company of home guards and the erection of a fort at Yorkton, Assa., where the only hostilities seen were two old squaws and the only active service consisted in reading the Riot Act or something of the kind to the said squaws and then presenting them with a chunk of bacon apiece as an inducement to them to disperse.

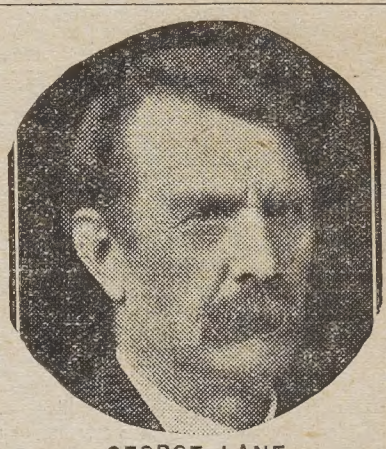
Aug. 27. 1930

George Lane, Pioneer Stockman, Dies Suddenly at Bar-U Ranch

He Never Fully Recovered from Breakdown Year Ago

PERSUADED PRINCE TO BUY E.P. RANCH

Was One of Southern Alberta's Most Outstanding Figures



GEORGE LANE

Noted Alberta rancher and close friend of the Prince of Wales, who died yesterday.

Following an illness of more than one year's duration, George Lane, veteran stockman, owner of the famous Bar U ranch, and close friend of H.R.H. Edward, Prince of Wales, died in his ranch home, Pekisko, Alta., at 5 o'clock Thursday morning, at the age of 69 years.

His wife, one daughter, Mrs. D. C. Everitt, and a son, George Lane, Jr., were at his bedside when he passed away. At Mr. Lane's own request, the funeral will be held from the ranch, where he spent so many hapy years. The exact time and date of the funeral will be announced today.

Mr. Lane's death was not unexpected. He suffered a breakdown in health last year and then went south to Florida. He recovered his health to some extent but several days ago he suffered a relapse and was compelled to remain in his house. His condition was such that his family moved down to the ranch and were at his bedside when he passed away Thursday morning.

Known throughout the American continent as an expert stockman and famous for his breeding of purebred Percheron horses throughout the livestock world, George Lane will be sadly missed by livestockmen the world over. His famous "Bar U" ranch comprises thousands of acres of deeded land and several thousand acres of leased land. The veteran rancher was credited with raising more purebred livestock and high quality grade stock than any other rancher in Canada. He was a warm friend of the Prince of Wales and when the prince left High River last October on the first lap of his journey home, George Lane was the last person to whom he bade good-bye.

Entertained Prince

"Good-bye, George. I sincerely hope you will be in much better health when I see you again next year," said the Prince as he shook hands warmly with the veteran rancher.

Incidentally Mr. Lane is given the credit for bringing the Prince of Wales to Alberta. When the Prince visited Alberta several years ago he was Mr. Lane's guest at the Bar U ranch. He became so enamoured of prairie life that he expressed a desire to purchase a ranch, and Mr. Lane, after some preliminary negotiations, secured for him the famous Frank Bedinfield ranch adjoining the Bar U. The name of the ranch was changed to the "E.P." and this ranch is one of the Prince's most prized possessions today.

George Lane was born near Des Moines, Iowa, on March 6, 1856. When still a child his parents moved to Kansas and thence overland to Montana. At 13 years of age he was engaged in man's work, freighting, cow punching, or any other job that came to his hand. Youth matured quickly in those days, and the boy performed difficult tasks with confidence and dexterity.

Fought Against Indians

When in his early twenties he served for a time with the American forces as a scout in their campaign against the Indians, and when the campaign ended, he received $2,700 worth of U.S. army vouchers, which he converted into cash and presented to his mother. He came to Macleod, Alberta, in the early eighties, after spending a couple of years in Montana as a cowboy, and in 1884, when Frank Stimson of the famous Bar U. ranch was commissioned by Senator Cochrane to engage a foreman for the Bar U ranch, George Lane, who had just completed a visit to Fort Kipp, was given the position, and he acted in that capacity for seven years.

In 1891 Mr. Lane resigned his position to enter the stock business on his own. In the fall of the same year he entered the service of the P. Burns & Company, and was sent to the Blood Indian reserve to carry out a contract which Mr. Burns had made with the Dominion government for the supplying of beef to the Indians. This contract continued until the fall of 1892.

Bought Bar U in 1905

The following spring Mr. Lane purchased the Flying U ranch, 15 miles west of Stavely, which has always been known as the "Home Place." In 1898 Mr. Lane purchased the Y.T. horse ranch in the Little Bow river, which he stocked with the famous Diamond O. horses. In 1905, the Lane, Gordon, Ironsides & Fares company purchased the famous Bar U ranch of 1,800 of deeded land, five thousand head of cattle and one thousand head of horses for the sum of $220,000, from the Allans of the Allan Steamship company.

In later years Mr. Lane launched into the breeding of purebred Percheron horses, and at one time he had the finets herd of Percherons known to the livestock world. He purchased "Quoactifa," one of the greatest stallions ever imported from France, and with him were Garou, Halifax and Americane, three other world famous sires. His stallion, Perfection, which he showed in England, was awarded first in competition with all horses at the Royal, while his group of brood mares swept the boards in all of the fairs in Canada and the United States. No less than 700 ribbons and innumerable cups and medals were won by the famous prize winning Percherons.

Not a Grain Speculator

An interesting story is told by old timers about the first time that George Lane became a prominent figure in Alberta. It was at Pincher Creek in 1884, not long after Mr. Lane had come to Canada. John Herron, a well remembered figure in the Pincher Creek district and known as a first class wrestler, had arranged a match with a visiting wrestler from the States. A board platform had been erected, and as both men got ready to leap at each other a tall, lanky cowboy leaped up beside them, and shaking a fist full of money over the haed of Herron, who was the smaller of the two, shouted, "Here's odds on the little feller." The "little feller" won in two falls. The lanky backer was George Lane, whose judgment since that day grew to be proverbial among the people of the foothills.

George Lane's one set rule was "don't waste anything." He was not a grain grower ,neither was he a grain speculator.

He grew grain on his ranch mainly for feed, and if he found that he had a surplus, he sold it. He was possibly the biggest individual rancher in Canada. During the excitement of the real estate orgy in the west, away back in 1913 and 1914, he did not waste one dollar or any of his time in the prevailing practice of the day. Later, when feverish prospectors were drilling for oil around his property, he was not attracted. He was too busy producing horses and cattle and grain. These products have taken him abroad many times. He raised his products from the land on the one hand and studied world markets on the other. In the early years he exported many head of cattle to Britain. In late years he turned to Chicago and Seattle markets, as well as to the other markets of Canada. This gave him a very broad outlook in matters of trade. To him there should have been no restrictions between nations in the form of tariffs. He was a Simon Pure free trader, which explained the striking air of cosmopolitanism about him.

Mr. Lane took a header into politics but once, and that one time he was successful. He was elected to the provincial house in 1913, but resigned before the house opened in order to provide a seat for C. R. Mitchell.

The veteran cattle man was married to Elizabeth Sexsmith. Eight children were born to the union, Lily, Mabel, Ernest, Roy, Elsie, Mildred, Clifton and George.

Mr. Lane was known for many years as one of "The Big Four," which consisted of P. Burns, A. E. Cross, A. J. McLean and George Lane. These four famous cattle men were the sponsors of the first big stampede, which was held in this city in 1912, and they were also sponsors of the famous stampede held in Calgary in 1919. On both occasions, Mr. Lane, along with the other three members of the quartet, guaranteed a sum estimated at a number of thousands of dollars to ensure the success of the show, and he took a great deal of interest and pride in the contests.

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'S INTERESTS LIE

Death Calls Another Old Timer of N. W. T.

Mrs. F. D. Wilson, Who Passed Away on Sunday Morning, Was Born at Fort Rae on the Mackenzie River in 1859

An old timer in western Canada, Mrs. F. D. Wilson, passed away in the General hospital on Sunday morning after a short illness. Mrs. Wilson was the widow of Mr. Frank D. Wilson, who died two years ago. She was born at Fort Rae on the Mackenzie river in December 1859, daughter of the Hon. Lawrence Clarke, later chief factor of the Hudson's Bay at Prince Albert, and Mrs. Clarke. In 1885 she came to Edmonton as a bride, and in 1889 went with her husband to Fort Vermilion on the Peace river, where they lived until 1913. Mr. Clarke was in charge of the Hudson's Bay post at Fort Vermilion and for over 20 years Mrs. Clarke was the only doctor and nurse in that part of the world, and she ministered to the few white settlers and Indians alike. Day and night she was at the call of the people, and many babies were ushered into this world under her ministrations. It was not an unusual occurrence for her to be called out in the depth of winter, with the thermometer registering far below zero, to give relief to a sick person many miles from the lonely post, and she never hesitated when the call came.

From Fort Vermilion, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson went to James bay in northern Ontario in 1913. There Mr. Wilson was district manager for the Hudson's Bay. They remained at James bay until 1918, when they returned to Edmonton. Two years ago Mr. Wilson passed on to the great beyond.

Two children were born to them, Mrs. C. E. Hilbreth of Lincoln, Nebraska, and Mr. Larry Wilson of 36 Arlington apartments, Edmonton, with whom Mrs. Wilson has latterly made her home.

Lawrence Clarke, clerk of the court, Calgary, and A. P. Clarke of Fort Vermilion are brothers, and Mrs. Bain of Toronto, a sister of Mrs. Wilson.

The funeral will take place on Wednesday at 2:30 o'clock.

DEPARTING VICAR HELD FAREWELL SERVICE AT SEBA

SEBA BEACH, Alberta.—A farewell service by the Rev. A. Loydall Bee of Entwistle, who is leaving shortly for England, was held on Friday, November 4, at the home of Mr. Bunting, Seba Beach. The vicar spoke beautifully on his subject, "Peace of Mind." There was a large attendance.

After service a social evening was spent in music and conversation. The vicar distinguished himself in relating some amusing stories which were much enjoyed. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. R. P. Cull, Miss Margaret Wodd and Miss Conn.

Mowll Grande Prairie

...n, a glorious history, and a ...n far older than our own, but ...all mankind they need the ...of the love of Christ to per... ...lves. At the close of the ...ception was held in the ...

... and Mrs. Mowll spent ... Wednesday night at the ... On Wednesday morning ...o had for some years ... marriage been a mis... ..., addressed the nign ...s in Grande Prairie. ...on the children of ...hool. In the eve... ...reached to the con...

1886-1927
41 years established in Edmonton
JACKSON BROS.
LEADING JEWELERS
WATCHMAKERS
ENGRAVERS and OPT...

W. B. GRAY

Judge Gray has been a resident of Stettler since 1905. He was middle aged when he came here, versed in the knowledge of the world, a cosmopolitan of the truest type, the son of a famous English surgeon and a student of nature all his life. Mr. Gray has the real pioneer outlook. He could not stay in England to settle down to a life of ease, but wanted to see the world, so he sailed for Canada in 1884, and came as far west as Calgary. He took part in the rebellion in 1884 and

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after that chapter in western history was closed he was appointed deputy registrar of Calgary, and did all the work with one assistant in the office which has now expanded to a staff of over one hundred. After filling this position for two years he ranched in the vicinity of Calgary for ten years up to 1895, when he emigrated to Lamerton on the west side of Buffalo Lake, where he became a settler in our own district. At that time Fletcher Bradem kept a trading post at Lamerton and also conducted a post office. Mr. Westhead, later of Alix, was also a rancher in that district. About the same time Ed Barnett came in from Lacombe. These two ranchers, Mr. Gray and Mr. Barnett were neighbors for five years when Ed. moved to the ranch at Pine Lake. Mr. Gray stayed on at Lamerton for another five years until Stettler began to build up, when he moved to the town in the fall of 1905, and opened up the Dominion Land Office, and was appointed Police Magistrate. As Lamerton was the only trading post and post office east of Lacombe for some years, the Judge (as he is now called) made the acquaintance of hundreds of men who were treking to the new country in Central Alberta. As a pioneer he always kept open house and was known to all the ranchers in Alberta from Calgary south to the district between Lacombe and Stettler and farther east. No man in Alberta has more friends and no man knows the country better than he does. He is contented in solitude and in the company of his fellow men. In fact for him there is no solitude as the study of Nature is one of his absorbing pursuits when he is alone on his farm or taking a solitary trip to some new part of the country. He is now 76 years of age, in the prime of middle age, without a wrinkle on his face or a care on his mind, a philosopher who has taken fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks. He has known wealth and he has known poverty, he has attended many banquets and has slept on the bare ground, without knowing where his next meal would come from. He is typically a pioneer and will always remain one.

HUGH McTAGGART

Mr. McTaggart came to the district 47 years ago. He was a rancher at Innisfail since 1885 for 12 years, and in 1897 accompanied by Mrs. McTaggart he set out for the new ranching country near the Battle River, known as the Paint Earth Creek district, and later on as Rosebank district. With Mr. Dixon as a partner he ranched there for seven years. For two or three years Mrs. McTaggart was the only white woman in that part of the country, and the only neighbor was a rancher by the name of Calhoun, who had a ranch later owned by Lane and Climie. Joe Harbison and Ed Barnett had ranches further south and later on Cal Moore and Bob Wilson came in.

In 1900 Mr. George McTaggart, who was then employed by the C. P. R. made a trip out from Calgary via Blackfalds to see his brother, and there were only three or four stopping places along the route. He stopped at Jim Howse's place at Content (on the farm which Hugh now owns) at J. Harbison's, and at Ed Barnett's for meals, travelling by horseback over the entire route. He stayed at the McTaggart and Dixon Ranch for two months and then returned to Calgary, where he was appointed roadmaster for the C. P. R. from McLeod to Strathcona. Hugh ran the ranch at Paint Earth until 1904 when he bought Joe Howse's farm at Content and has resided there ever since. Besides farming he ran a lumber yard at Content in the early days, and that Village continued as a thriving trade centre until the railroad came through to Stettler from Lacombe. There are no two brothers who know Central Alberta better than Hugh and George McTaggart, as the latter became superintendent of roads in this district in 1905, while the former has had a ranching experience covering the past 34 years.

The first three years on the ranch from 1897 to 1900 were dry, but it began to rain in 1900 and the years 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1904 were the wettest that this country has experienced. In 1902 it rained for 26 days in June almost steadily, and

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the country was flooded. Cal Moore had been farming near Tail Creek for a couple of years previous and in 1902 he started out for Leo to establish a ranch there. The lakes and hay lands to the north were so full of water that he had to go by the route south of Gough Lake. Mr. Georges was already running a ranch there and he put up Mr. Moore until the latter was ready to go on his own place.

Mr. McTaggart moved to Content in 1904 and went through the boom days there, handling a lumber yard as well as farming. He has lived 27 years on the same farm at Content and his whole ranching and farming experience in Alberta covers a period of ~~forty-six~~ years.

59.

MRS. JOHN BREWSTER, BANFF PIONEER, DIES ON SATURDAY MORNING

(Special Dispatch to The Herald)

BANFF, July 4.—With the death of Mrs. John Brewster, aged 67, early this morning, came the passing of one of Banff's oldest and most respected old-timers.

Arriving in Banff in 1887 with Mr. Brewster and a family of youngsters, Mrs. Brewster raised her family throughout the pioneer years with all its struggles and hardships. But in her declining years she was happy in the knowledge that her grown-up boys and girls were successful and a credit to her. The funeral will be held at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon.

Pioneering In Southern Alberta

By E. L.

About thirty-four years ago posters were to be seen in all the provinces of Canada, the United States and the old countries, I suppose, stating that in Southern Alberta 160 acres of land would be given free to any one becoming a Canadian citizen and doing the homesteading requirements on this land. An influx of people began from all over. There were Easterners, English, Irish, Scotch, U.S. people, Swedes, Norwegians and Germans all wanting a bit of this land to build a home on. The open prairie appealed to them and they thought that on it farming would be very easy. It was supposed to be another land of milk and honey. Some of the homesteaders-to-be, came in months before the land was open for filing and walked or drove over the southern part of Alberta to look it over. It did indeed look a farmers' paradise. The grass, the best in the world, was knee high and thick. There was very little rock compared to other countries, of course no stumps to clear, and the land so level that it would be easy to break.

In 1909 my husband and some friends from North Dakota were among these who came to look the country over. They walked south from Grassy Lake across three coulees and roamed all over the country south of the Kipp which was then quite a stream of water for the prairie. They had looked over some land further west but they finally decided they had found their heart's desire in a future farm and squatted. They found some men nearby who had already done this. They lived part of that spring in a tent and they had many experiences new to them. One was a thunderstorm that they have never forgotten. The sky was constantly lighted from the lightning and the rain came so fast that it flooded their tent which sat on a knoll and finally came through it. But they thought this was a good omen as it showed there was lots of moisture (there had been rumors that it was pretty dry at times).

They had lumber hauled out from the main line as far as Kipp coulee. They built a large raft, loaded their stuff and the rest of the lumber and swam a horse across and used him to pull the raft over. Then they got a squatter who had a team of horses to haul it the rest of the way. Then up went the shacks on the different quarters.

This country was used in those days by the ranchers and thousands of head of cattle grazed on the prairie. One night the men were awakaned by a terrible roar, and they weren't long finding out the cause. The cattle were racing across the prairie in the dark (the stampede caused by the mosquitos the men thought) right by one of the shacks. The men dressed and waited in terror for fear the shack would be hit. It would be like matchwood under these hundreds of hooves.

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For days before the land-office at Lethbridge was open for filing on the land, men stood in line so they would be first for their choice of homestead. There were hundreds waiting, and friends and relatives came with food or changed places with the would-be homesteaders to let him rest for awhile.

When the shacks were up it was a thickly settled community for the prairies, much more so than it is today. The next thing was a post office. A petition was circulated among the people and a farmer, centrally located, was to be the post master. In a short time the mail was coming through twice a week from Warner by stage and mail nights the postmaster's yard was filled with people in wagons, in buckboards, on horse-back and even on stone-boats. Mail day was always something to look forward to.

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In the spring of 1910 we had a terrible prairie fire. The fire started about 20 miles west of us and in the long grass rushed across the prairie at a terrible rate. Almost everyone had fire guarded their buildings so there was no great amount of damage done that way. Imagine the terror of the women, new to the prairie and never having seen anything like this before. They stood with their faces pressed to the window watching the monster approach. One terrible accident occurred. A young man, who knew nothing of pioneering on prairies, saw the smoke away west but did not realize it was a prairie fire and started to a neighbor's home a mile away. The fire came up on him and he tried to run through it but was overcome with smoke. Some way he kept enough consciousness to get to a nearer neighbor where he fainted away. A boy was sent on horseback for a doctor who had homesteaded some miles away, and in the meantime the woman of the house and another neighbor woman did the best they could for the poor lad. He was really in bad shape. Wherever there was a button on his clothes that piece of flesh underneath was burned so badly it came right out, the same under his suspenders, and the condition of his face and hands was past imagining. In those days there were no cars so it was some time before the doctor arrived. The women had grated raw potatoes and spread over the burns to draw the fire out. When the doctor came he cut the shoes off and the flesh under the eyelets came out too. His face became so swollen that the only way nourishment could be given him was through a funnel with a short rubber hose attached and forced between his lips. The smell of the burned flesh was so bad that one could hardly stay in the same room with him. After a time the doctor grafted skin onto his face and hands and he fully recovered. I think great credit has to be given to that doctor, now an old man. He certainly had not the proper facilities with which to work, not even a nurse, only the help of these inexperienced women. But he always gave great credit to them, saying that the recovery was due more to their good nursing than to his doctoring.

x x x

In 1911 we had a taste of prairie wind and hail. A twister of some sort struck and a bachelor's shack happened to be in the way, so over it went and was blown to pieces. The bachelor was knocked unconscious, with what he doesn't know, but with a bed and a stove, etc., running around lose, either one would have disabled him. When he came to he was lying out on the prairie being beaten by the hailstones. He was bruised badly and was in bed at a neighbor's (the same one who had cared for the burned boy) for a couple of weeks and then homesteading went on. When this man rebuilt his shack he filled the walls between the studding with sand—just in case.

x x x

All this time the homesteaders had been busy, early and late, breaking up the prairie with horses, oxen and even a cow would be used in a pinch. In 1911 there was crop planted and there was a good yield but frost came in August so everything was frozen. Many of the men went out to work after the six months' duties were put in on the homesteads. In this way they got money to carry on their farming operations.

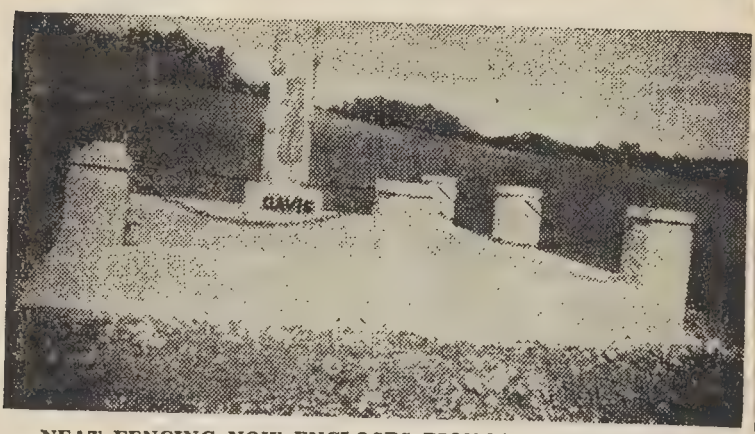
By 1914 there was a good bit of land broken and every one had high hopes of getting some returns for their labor but their hopes were doomed again. It was the driest of all the dry years we have ever experienced. There was absolutely no rain all summer and the heat was so awful it was almost past standing. The grass had never grown so well since the fire burned it to a crisp, and it's a wonder the stock lived. But life went on. There were a few marriages a few births, lots of them without a doctor's attendance, and we seemed to enjoy ourselves in a simple way.

x x x

There had been a couple of schools built even if there weren't many children and these were used as community centres and the communities covered a good many miles. When I think of the miles we used to travel to get to a social evening I grow tired. Many a time in the winter we have taken four horses on a sleigh loaded with neighbors and robes to keep us warm and driven 12 or 15 miles to a dance. And how we danced! We never stopped till morning because it might be a long time before we got together again. The roads might get too deep with snow or the cold might get past standing or feed might become scarce for the horses.

Central and North Al

Peace River Tidies Up Historic Site, Grave of 12-Foot Davis



NEAT FENCING NOW ENCLOSES PIONEER'S MONUMENT

PEACE RIVER.—Town council recently has put the grave of "Twelve-Foot Davis" into tidy and attractive condition, restoring and improving it as one of the most important historic sites in the Peace River district. Situated on the point of the highest hill overlooking the town and the junction of the Peace and Smoky rivers, it has been visited by hundreds of people touring the north. Now it has been given a new setting.

Improvements consist of eight new concrete posts around the gravesite, connected with chain fencing. Chipped granite has been laid over the surface within this fencing and surrounding the monument in the centre.

L. F. Davis was a well-known personage in the latter years of last century. The name of "Twelve-Foot" was given him because of an incident in Klondike gold-hunting days, when he staked a claim on a certain four yards of land that afterward yielded him a golden harvest.

In the Peace River country he adventured and operated on such a scale and in such a way that when it came to putting up a tombstone in his memory the inscription was worded in these terms: "Pathfinder, pioneer, miner and trader, he was every man's friend and never locked his cabin door."

Twelve-foot Davis died in the Slave lake area, and some months later his body was brought here by Col. J. K. Cornwall, who had been a close friend and had promised to bury him on the hill overlooking the Peace.

Reconditioning of the site now has given it an appearance more worthy of the man and his place in the pioneer life and history of the north, and visitors already have commented upon its attractiveness as more in keeping with its commanding location.

Agricultural Alberta - -

A Page For Farm and Ranch
Edited by FRED KENNEDY

Pioneer 'Wolfer' Helped To Protect Range Herds

W. H. McKay of Calgary, Hunted Wolves in '93 When Ranchers Combined to Wipe Them Out

Depredations of wolves in the district west and north of Calgary have recalled to W. H. McKay of Calgary his experiences as a "wolfer" in Alberta more than 50 years ago.

As a boy, Mr. McKay rode the range with his father when wolves first made their appearance in Alberta's cattle and horse herds and some of his experiences in those days make interesting reading.

This is the first of two series of articles written by Mr. McKay on wolf hunting in the pioneer days. The second will be published on this page next Saturday.

By W. H. McKAY

I was born in Medicine Hat, which was then the district of Assinniboia, 61 years ago. As I grew up, as was the case with many young men of that time, I became a cowboy, as there was very little other work. There were thousands of head of cattle and horses on the range and there were also a goodly number of wolves that preyed on the live stock. Although cattle were only worth about $25 in those days, the ranchers of the west had organized their Stock Growers Association which offered a bounty of $5 on wolves of both sexes, and 50 cents on coyotes.

I remember the late James Fuller of Lethbridge who was a great friend of my late father, telling about the bounty, while Mr. Fuller was running a round-up, and we were camped at what is now New Dayton, south of Lethbridge, picking and shipping buffalo bones, in July 1893.

SAW FIRST WOLF

It was a few days after that, when I first saw wolves. I used to go out with my uncle to help him gather buffalo bones. One day we went west to Milk River Ridge. All at once my uncle pointed at two wolves, about 75 yards away. They were feasting on a full grown cow, which they had killed that morning and we had no gun with us, as my father was carrying the only gun we had, which was an old-fashioned, black powder 44-40 rifle. My uncle said that $10.00 was lost because we had no gun. The wolves kept on feeding, until we got within 40 or 50 yards of them, when they trotted away at a slow pace. That was my first sight of real wolves, fifty years ago last July, but I remember it well.

To enumerate all my wolf hunting experience and that of others would fill a whole newspaper, so I will just touch lightly on a few episodes.

USED TO ROPE THEM

In 1900 I first rode for a rancher named Andrew Gordon, whose ranch was located a short distance north of the present site of Majestic, on the Empress-Bassano branch of the C.P.R. During our rides among the 6,000 head of cattle that Mr. Gordon was running, we saw wolves nearly every day; and some times when we caught them far enough away from the bad lands and brush of the river, we would run them down, rope them and drag them to death.

A good saddle horse will run a wolf down in 4 to 6 miles, depending on the temperature in summer, and the depth of the snow in winter. Wolves have been known to be caught within a half mile in deep snow. On a cold day, on bare ground, a man had no chance roping a wolf unless he had a well shod horse. Mr. Gordon used to pay us $10 for every wolf we killed. He also paid us $10 for every golden or bald-headed eagle we killed and $3 each for magpies; as they killed cattle and horses too. This extra bounty all come out of the pockets of Mr. Andrew Gordon, and Gordon, Ironsides and Fares, who owned most of the cattle.

I know that few will believe that eagles and magpies can kill cattle, but let me tell you how they did it.

SOME TOUGH BIRDS

The eagles preyed only on calves and colts. They would swoop down on a calf and sink their talons into its flanks, tearing holes out so large that the entrails of the poor calf would fall out, causing death in a short time. The magpies' modus operandi was different. As we branded 1,400 to 2,000 head of calves and colts a year, many of the burned-in brands did not heal right away as the calves had a habit of rubbing on trees and rocks, thereby keeping them open and bleeding for a long time. They were the ones that the ever present magpie preyed on.

As a magpie is always after blood, they would start pecking at the raw bleeding brand, after a few days they could open up a hole as large as a plate, causing a slow torturing death. Horses, they killed by attacking those with sore backs and collar galls in much the same way as calves.

About 1900, a man named Mr. Andrews was running the 76 ranch at Crane Lake, Sask., 22 miles east of Maple Creek. In December, 1901, I went to Medicine Hat, with Mr. Gordon, where his family was then residing. While we were in Mr. Cochrane's store, Mr. Andrews came in and in the course of their conversation, I heard Mr. Andrews relate the following story to Mr. Gordon which I firmly believe to be true, as Mr. Andrews was known to be a man that had great respect for the truth. It was also told to me, by an old friend of mine whose name was Pete Ferguson, 10 years later. The story follows:

A DOG STORY

"Last January two of my dark blue stag hounds disappeared, I gave them up as lost, thinking that they had been poisoned. One day while out riding along Skull Creek, to my astonishment, I saw my two hounds running along with three very large and ferocious looking wolves.

"I called them by name, they came back to me, but before I thought of tying them and leading them home, they again went after the wolves which were by then running away. The dogs returned about a week later, but they were never any good for wolves after that. They would run after the wolves with the other three hounds, but would never help to catch the wolves. I had them destroyed later when I found out that they had mated with the wolves. Apparently there were no male wolves in the neighborhood at the time, and the she wolves mated with the stag hounds.

"The offspring of the dog and wolf was terrible. The four that were killed were of an enormous size, almost black; they were far bolder and worse cattle and horse killers than the full blooded wolves. They were so bold that they came right into the corrals and cattle sheds to kill cows and calves. And to think that they were not as yet even 8 months old. There are still about six of them left. Luckily, some of the half-breeds got two dens of them last spring, about seventeen, twelve of which were black."

OFFERED GOOD BOUNTY

Mr. Andrews offered a bounty of $50 for every wolf killed on his ranch, male or female, pup or full grown. Pup wolves start to kill cattle at an early age, or about 5 months. The wolves were soon killed out after such a big bounty was offered and paid.

J. D. McGregor of the Southern Alberta Land Company, whose home ranch was located near the Bow River Fork about 40 miles west of Medicine Hat, Alberta, raised a splendid breed of cattle and horses. They were very well known all over the country.

Horses were then very valuable, casting anywhere up to $600 a team. I remember the late Robert McCutcheon, who passed away recently, paying $600 for a team of beautiful dappled greys at Medicine Hat about 1910.

The wolves were killing the McGregor live stock at an alarming rate; so in 1909 he told my father that he would pay $100 apiece for any wolf, pup or full grown, male or female. But although my father went to look for them, he did not find them, as they had drifted over the south side of the river which was too deep to ford, 1909 being a wet season. So my father told old Sun Child, who died up at Rocky Mountain House about 6 years ago, about the splendid offer.

THE INDIANS GOT THEM

That fall, Sun Child and his followers, some 20 men and boys, moved up to the McGregor lease. As soon as the river froze over, they hunted the wolves on both sides of the river, and by the spring of 1910, Sun Child brought in the last eight of the marauders, consisting of 7 pups and the mother.

I remember the late A. M. Grace, handing the $800 in $20 bills to Sun Child, telling him: "You are making good money, Sun Child, make good use of it, and don't waste it in buying whisky."

But Sun Child was one of the few Cree Indians that never drank intoxicants. He divided the money evenly with his fellow hunters. Sun Child took me along as interpreter. One of the wolves escaped the Indians while they were running him across the prairie on the north side of the river. They met a sudden blizzard, and lost sight of him.

The wolf was so scared that he never stopped until he got into the badlands of the Dead Lodge Canyon of the Red Deer River in the vicinity of Iddesleigh, having crossed the railroad between Alderson and Suffield. He never went back to the Bow River. My father ran him down on horse back and shot him just north of the village of Jenner.

CLEANED UP ROSEBUD

That fall, the ranchers of the Rosebud Creek district invited the same bunch of Cree Indians to hunt and destroy wolves on their range. The same bounty was offered them as at Mr. McGregor's. They made short work of the wolves; in less than 6 months the killers of cattle, sheep and horses, were killed off. The wolf also has a liking for pork and turkeys. The wolf is not particular, whether a man has a thousand head of cattle; he would just as soon kill the only milk cow belonging to a widow with 10 children.

BOUNTIES TOO SMALL

The government some how never seemed to care whether wolves were done away with or not. The small bounties they offer prove that. It is something like the bootlegger. It would be as easy to do away with the bootlegger. All that they would have to do would be to keep the liquor vendors open day and night. Except for country points there would not be a bootlegger.

If an adequate bounty was paid for the destruction of wolves, it would pay hunters to organize and go right after them. They would soon clean them up.

I read in a magazine some years ago that if someone had bought the pair of rabbits which were taken to Australia, at $5,000,000 each, and destroyed them, he would have saved the Commonwealth of Australia billions of dollars in live stock and grain. So it is with the wolves; until a big bounty is paid they will never be exterminated.

(Continued next week.)

SUN DRIED WHEAT—Near the wreckage of buildings that were once their homes, two Italian women, natives of Castel Di Sangro, former tourist mecca, spread wheat on the street to dry in the sun. The unripe grain came from the battlefield.

Much Available Land in Sask. for Post-War Era

The time has come when we must make a thorough assessment of the extent and nature of our natural resources, in view of post-war rehabilitation measures, said Dr. John Mitchell, head of the soils department, University of Saskatchewan, at the Saskatchewan Agricultural Graduates' Association today at Saskatoon.

Dr. Mitchell estimated that there remained 3,000,000 acres of arable land in Saskatchewan which might support 10,000 families or, at five persons to a family, 50,000 people. There were 31,000,000 acres already under cultivation, and 27,000,000 acres of ranch and grazing land, he said.

"Any future agricultural development in the north must be carefully controlled," Dr. Mitchell declared.

The work of the Special Products Board is divided into five sections—poultry products, fruit and vegetables, flax fibre, field and vegetable seeds, and certified seed potato. The board makes agreements with the allied governments for the export of any product of agriculture, processed or unprocessed, except bacon and dairy products.

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The Customer's Usually Wrong

By JUDY BARDEN

North American Newspaper Alliance; London.

The post-war period will bring one certain relief to the harassed British housewife, the end of under-the-counter shopping—a present-day form of getting liver, kidneys, cosmetics, hair-pins, matches, razor blades and a host of other unrationed and hard-to-get articles. Unless you are friendly with the store clerk, they remain under the counter.

Before the war the slogan was: "The customer is always right." Today the customer is always an impossible nit-wit, who has nothing else to do but worry and irritate hard-worked store managers and sales people.

Usually the only thing in the window of a present-day butcher shop is a large blackboard, on which is chalked: "No liver". If you are a shopper with no technique, no sense of finesse, you disregard this notice, blow breezily into the store, fix the butcher with a baleful eye and ask for liver. However, such a request, if made out loud, is in itself sacrilegious.

And if the butcher then should give you the liver the next step would be to call an ambulance to carry away the customers. It wouldn't happen. "Haven't seen any liver in months," is the standard answer.

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The drug store presents similar difficulties. All the goods nobody wants to buy are displayed in the windows. All the goods everybody wants are wrapped in mysterious parcels and secreted under the counter. A man wishing to purchase one razor blade—one being all he is allowed—waits patiently outside till the store is empty. He then enters casually and raises one eyebrow. The clerk disappears beneath the counter, to reappear a few seconds later with a clenched fist. Money and purchase change hands rapidly. The man walks out. No words have been spoken, but the fanatical gleam in the customer's eye denotes that he is a satisfied customer.

On returning home, should the man discover he has been given a box of face powder instead of a razor blade, or a lipstick instead of a tube of shaving cream, he is not disheartened. He knows that his popularity among the girls at the office will soar sky-high if he merely places such things on his desk.

Cigarettes often arrive straight from the wholesaler to the retailer in boxes of a thousand. This means that you have to buy them loose. Should you be the lucky possessor of a cigarette case that holds twenty, all is well. If not, after having crawled all over the shop floor to pick up those that have rolled away, you place them carefully in your pocket and hope for the best.

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Where you can buy matches is almost a military secret. It is, in any case, as much of a secret as the opening date of the second front. Your best friend will strike a match self-consciously, but never reveal where he got them. "Well, old boy, you know how it is. I've dealt with this shop for years. They only serve regular customers."

Should you go into a tobacconist's and see the clerk apparently suffering from an acute attack of shell-shock, don't sympathize. Wait patiently in the darkest corner of the store, out of sight. He may be indicating to the man in the derby hat that if he waits he'll get a box of matches. This is your opportunity. As soon as the matches are produced, you pounce and demand a box for yourself. He can't refuse. But you'll never have the courage to enter that shop again, either.

Women must remember to take their own hairpins and bobby-pins to the hairdresser when they have a hair-do. It has been known for a hair-dresser to lend a few bobby-pins, but you are on your honor to return them the following day. Should you forget—never darken the doors of that hairdresser again.

They Don't Look Very Superior

Do these look like members of the "master race" to you? They're Nazi prisoners—bedraggled and dispirited—who were taken during the Italian campaign. Looking them over are General Sir Bernard Montgomery and General Sir Allan Brooke. These prisoners were captured by New Zealanders.

Sarah Holds the Baby

During the recent visit of Prime Minister Churchill to Cairo, his daughter Sarah Churchill, officer in the British A.T.S., was given a baby to hold. The baby is Hon. Jacquette Killearn, tiny daughter of an ancient English family.

Confessions of a Street Car Rider

By JEAN HOWARTH

One bitter thing I have discovered, since I left the sunshine of sunny Alberta for the fogs of coastal British Columbia, and that is that Vancouver street car men are born without human charity in their hearts. Brought up as I was in Calgary, where the conductor on the 8:20 Mount Pleasant trolley would wait every morning as I sprinted the last two blocks, I find myself unfitted for a life where he won't even wait while I step off the curb.

Life is different here in Vancouver—faster and more efficient—but ah! the beauties of the Calgary scene. In Vancouver the cars hold together as though they were welded in one piece. That delicious rattle-trap effect, which kept you wondering breathlessly if the Calgary street car was going to fly to pieces as it rounded the next corner—that is missing. And here—all the push buttons work. Here the straps are all in order, and you can never write your name in the dust on the windows. The conductor doesn't even build a cosy little fire in his stove at the front.

The home-like quality is gone, too. You don't know the passengers. You don't feel at liberty to scowl at that stout matron down the aisle, because you know she should be home making dinner for her husband, and not cluttering up the street cars at rush hours. You don't hold chatty little conversations with your neighbors about the liquor line-ups, or the fire downtown last night. You miss that drawing-room of the multitudes, where half of Calgary's political affairs are settled—the smoking compartment.

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But just the same, life on Vancouver street cars has its compensations. You move along at quite a rate, once you manage to clamber aboard, and you can always pass the time by reading the signs.

Vancouver street car signs are in a class by themselves. Not all of them, of course; some of them are just like Calgary signs. But sandwiched in between the plugs for toilet soap and Canada's official food rules are little bits of genius—small polite placards, asking us in faintly humorous fashion to please be good boys and girls, and not clutter up the aisles, to move along up front if we don't mind, and not use the cars during rush hours if we can help it.

There's one that shows 11 birds and a dyspeptic-looking caterpillar, all trying to find a spot on a single branch. "Move over," pleads the caption, "make room for other passengers." And the birds all look just like you and I—foolishly blocking up the front of the car when there's loads of room at the back. They've all got that slightly silly, slightly cross, slightly mulish expression that you can see on the faces of your fellow passengers any time you care to look around.

I don't know whether placards like this ever persuade any of us to move over, but they keep us amused.

There's a new one on the cars this week, right up front, to tempt us to move forward so we can read it, no doubt. In Vancouver, you see, the passengers get on at the back, where the conductor collects their tickets; and then they have to move forward to get seats. Only of course, like Calgarians, they don't. They just darn well stay where they are, and get in everyone's way.

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The poster this week reads, "The front end of this car goes your way, too. Please move forward." It doesn't work, naturally! it just makes us feel good-humored about staying where we are.

The street railway company gets lots of letters from its passengers suggesting ways to cure this squatter tendency in human beings. I was up at its head office this week, and the manager let me read some of them. Most of them suggest completely remodelling all the cars and firing all the present staff. None of them suggest that things would undoubtedly be improved if squatting passengers were summarily shot.

One man put forward an idea which had about it some of the simplicity of genius. He held that the real reason for the reluctance of street car passengers to move forward in the car, was that all the seats in a car faced forward. And the further along the car the standing passenger moved, the more eyes were brought to bear upon him. This gave him stage fright, claimed the writer, so he preferred to remain at the back of the car, in pleasant obscurity.

This situation could be remedied, the writer went on to explain, by turning all the seats in the car around, so that the standing passengers, fleeing before the eyes, would rush forward to escape them, and would make room at the back for oncoming passengers.

What this man should do, obviously, is travel on a Calgary street car.

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Another practise which the Vancouver street railway has been battling—and with more success than this one—is the habit of women shoppers returning home by the late, and crowded, cars. One bright little placard showed a large matronly lady (right out of a New Yorker cartoon) with several chins and a bird-nest hat, parked in front of a bargain counter, but cocking a startled eye at the clock, which marked 4 p.m. "Parcel-packing Momma," read the caption, "lay that parcel down."

Another poster has a disquieting effect upon most female passengers, whether you're there legitimately or not. It's a photograph taken with the subject looking into the camera. He gazes straight at you as you move guiltily into a seat, and stabs you with his forefinger. "Lady," he inquires accusingly, "must you ride on this car in rush hours?"

The result of these, and other posters, is that the well-upholstered lady in Vancouver takes her life in her hands if she rides on the street cars in rush hours. She gets spoken to nasty-like by the male passengers, who point out that woman's place—between 8 and 10 a.m. and 4 and 6 p.m.—is in the home. The manager of the publicity department of the street railway, who started this campaign, says that his own wife gets insulted regularly two or three times a week.

There is one other poster that has contributed much to my life since I came to Vancouver. This one isn't fostered by the railway; it's the work of a finance company. It shows a neat table of figures—loans which can be acquired, so the type assures us, without the backing of an endorser. On one side of the card there's a list of suggested loans, from $25 up to $500—and tabulated across from each loan are the sizes of payments for three months and six months and even 15 months.

I have been able to spend almost all my leisure time on Vancouver street cars—of which I have plenty—contemplating this poster. I started out with the $25 loan, but now I've worked up to the $500 one, repayable in 15 equal monthly payments. Who says advertising doesn't pay?

through now it embarrasses us," a colonel of artillery declared. "We don't know where to put it."

What Beach Is Like

Here's what on strength of beach—in happier times the playground for wealthy Londoners—looks like:

Few shops are open. Negligeants have replaced housewives. the streets are quiet. There are no children about. The footfall of the sentry rings as loudly as ever it did in dead cities of France and Belgium last spring.

EARLY DAY RANCHES, RANCHERS

Using Sprinkling Carts to Irrigate Land—Moonshine That Tasted Like a Mile of Barbed Wire —Senator's Experience With a Rattlesnake

(By Leonard D. Nesbitt, in Brooks Bulletin)

For untold centuries Southern Alberta was a buffalo pasture each spring seeing countless herds of shaggy bison on their northward trek, probabyl the greatest migratory movement in all history. This province was then a bovine paradise from early spring to late autumn, with millions of acres of luxuriant grasses, hundreds of sparkling rivers and creeks, thousands of pure springs, rolling foothills and bluffs, valleys, coulees and snug, grassy, protected river-bottoms.

In the autumn the herds of buffalo swept southward along the range of high plateaux on the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Their trails ran irregularly through Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, branching towards the east passing through Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma, but gathering in Texas and then penetrating Old Mexico.

This migratory trail became the forerunner of the old Texas Trail or "Long Trail," along which millions and millions of cattle were driven. It started with the driving of Spanish longhorns north from Old Mexico and in its heyday vied with the greatest overland routes of all history. Even today the interested seeker can find in Texas, on the plains of Oklahoma, in Montana and Alberta foothills faint traces of this unparalleled pathway—"The Long Trail."

Southern Alberta is Canada's real and original "cow country". Every Southern Albertan has a secret pride in two things—the rangeland history of his province and the Rocky Mountains. The rangeland years were Alberta's golden era, and the Rockies are the "Hills of home." It is the same feeling that the Irish have towards the Lakes of Killarney and the Sotch to the banks and braes o' Bonnie Scotland.

Rangemen were rough, daring, primitive folks, dwelling in the great open spaces, face to face with the forces of nature, fearless, courageous, restless and greatly daring. It was the cowboy who pioneered the west and laid the foundation for the great cattle industry. It was the rangemen who pitted their skill and brawn and risked their capital against the elements, the cattle rustlers, and "Lady Luck." Great odds developed resourcefulness. They were tough men, the old guard who carried the banner of civilization across the short grass plains and into every mountain pass in Southern Alberta. Only a few stragglers of the gallant company remain.

The ranch country I knew best was the region halfway between Calgary and Medicine Hat and centering on Brooks and Bassano. It extended beyond the Bow River on the south and the Red Deer on the north. This was real "short grass" country, the native herbiage known as buffalo grass, possessing the faculty of curing on the stem and still retaining all its nutritiousness. This enabled the ranchers to leave their stock out on the open range all winter. Once the land was ploughed under this buffalo grass cannot be restored. And no other grass has been found that can take its place. They're seeding crested wheat grass on abandoned farms now, but it won't winter like native grass. Once a hard frost comes its food value is pretty well gone.

Irrigating With a Wagon

I think Sir Lester Kay, the British nobleman, was among the first ranchers there. He first tried a string of farms at Langdon, Namaka, Brooks and Maple Creek. The late J. S. Dennis, pioneer surveyor, told me that when drouth hit the farms one summer Sir Lester sent sprinkling wagons out to irrigate the fields. Afterwards herds of Mexican longhorns were brought in. They were thrifty and could put on meat, but looked more like moose than cattle. Once a foreman brought a bunch in from the Red Deer River to Brooks, a distance of 25 miles. They must have come all the way at a dead lope, for the foreman wired the head office "Broke all records coming in!" Sir Lester brought out some English milkmaids for milking, but the ungainly Mex. cows were not used to being milked and weren't going to let any gal treat 'em in any sech fashion. An offer of $25 reward to the first maid who would milk a cow resulted in one rosy-cheeked girl accomplishing the task. I believe though, the outfit went bankrupt and she didn't collect her $25.

From Old Mexico a rancher named Beresford brought [illegible] and ranged between the Berry and Blood Indian Creeks. He was a brother of Lord Charles Beresford, former First Lord of the Admiralty. He brought along a bunch of lanky cowboys from Texas. They included Jim McGarry, Hank Smith, Jim Weston, Happy Jack" Jackson, and Major Cantwell, the foreman.

George Emerson had the Anchor P north of Brooks. I believe the home ranch was at High River, but George used to like to stay in the sand hills in a cabin above Nigger John Creek, with one man, Scotty Porteous. I saw Scotty a couple of years ago and he told me that Emerson came west in the late 1870's to mine gold. He panned a season on the North Saskatchewan and nearly starved that winter. He once remarked that poisoned wolf was the mainstay that winter, and it wasn't too bad if it was [illegible] enough. Emerson drove a b[illegible] on the old Winnipeg-Edmo[illegible] trail before the railway crossed the plains. Measure that upon yo[illegible] map, you tenderfeet; Rod McLea[illegible] now owns and operates the Anch[illegible] P.

Pat Burns had the Circle Bar a dozen miles east of the Anchor P, in the region now known as the Patricia district. This was just a number of the ranches Burns owned. One of his first foremen was Belknap Buck, a 250-pounder, from Fort Belknap, Montana. He was known as "Baldy" Buck (not from lack of hair!) and had a strain of Indian blood. Baldy was a judge at the first Calgary Stampede in 1912. He needed a 1,500-pound horse to carry him. He got a minor political appointment as brand reader at Kamloops in the Rockies. He stayed there a year and when he got back I met him and asked, "How did you like it in the hills, Baldy?" He replied, "The looks are too short." On the flat prairie one can often see 20 miles, not so in the mountains.

Tasted Like Barbed Wire

George Crooks was the next Circle Bar foreman. He had a cook named Jack Thomas who could cook a steak better than anyone I ever knew. Sit down to one of his steaks and it would overflow your plate and drop on your lap. Jack was fond of liquor and got some lit up on some moonshine made in the Red Deer bottoms during prohibition. He was charged with being drunk in the Brooks police court. I was a youthful Justice of the Peace in those days and fined him $1. When the court was closed I gave the $1 back to Jack, as one old friend to another and asked him what the moonshine tasted like. "Just like swallering a mile of barbed wire" Thomas said.

Bill Kreps ran a livery stable in Brooks. He was formerly top rider on a foothills ranch and anything but a Clark Gable in looks. At one of the Calgary Stampedes Charlie Russel, the cowboy artist came up from Great Falls, Montana. Charlie was no beauty, either. Incidentally Russel painted pictures which brought prices running into thousands of dollars. His most famous was "The Last Of A Hard Winter," and showed a miserable cow critter, almost a skeleton, humped up against a blizzard, with hundreds of carcasses around. Anyway, Russel and a bunch of cowboys started out on the train for Brooks. They had some liquor and to while away the time put on a contest for the "homeliest cowboy in the world." The battle narrowed down to Charlie and Bill Kreps and they couldn't break the tie. But in the excitement Brooks was passed so was Medicine Hat, and the gang landed up in Maple Creek, Saskatchewan.

Charlie and Mrs. Russel are both dead. You should read his book "Trails Ploughed Under." Old Bill Kreps is dead, too.

Sam Howe, Hank Smith, Bill Caldwell and Charlie Parks were other well-known characters. Parks was born in Missouri and drifted north via Montana. Last time I saw him I said, "When did you come to Alberta, Charlie?" He answered, "I don't rightly know. The sheriff chased me over the Alberta line in '78 and the Mounted Police chased me back in '89."

Charlie was known as the most polite cowboy in the world. He was done a dirty deal by a fellow one time and Charlie went up to him and said, "Excuse me suh, you ——, but I'm going to knock you down!" and knock him down he did.

Jim Pierce was a cattleman who came across the U.S. line in the early days. He had the distinction of being the first depositor when the old Union Bank open the first bank in Lethbridge. A Welshman by birth, Jim knew all the tricks of the trade.

Cowboy Mayors

Bassano had two cowboy mayors, Billy Playfair and Harry Bredin. Harry is dead now. Billy was returning officer when George Lane was Liberal candidate in Bow Valley riding in the provincial election in 1912. Harold Riley, son of a Calgary pioneer, was Lane's opponent. In the course of a political speech in Bassano, Riley intimated that Playfair, while driving around on his official duties was toting Liberal workers along. Billy got up and said "Riley, that's a damn lie!" That incident is supposed to have cost Riley the election. Billy Playfair's word was as good as any bond and he always played fair.

George Lane of the Bar U was about the poorest speaker and politician in the country and he resigned his Bow Valley seat in favor of another rancher, Charlie Mitchell, who was also a lawyer and whose range was the Medicine Hat country. Charlie is now Mr. Justice Mitchell, of the Alberta Supreme court. If these words are "lese majeste" he won't mind for he and I were kinda pals in those days.

Everyone in Southern Alberta knows Lochie MacKinnon of the LM ranches, or if not they should. He made a real success of cattle raising and is still hale and hearty with a big family of children and grandchildren. His brother Charlie rode and ranched in the Bassano country with Alex Nesbitt, now dead.

Dan Riley's Story

Senator Dan Riley, of High River, knows all the foothills lore and lots of range stories. One was when he was driving a democrat and a rattler struck at his team. It missed the horses and hit the democrat, and Dan had to cut off the tongue to save his conveyance.

In 1910 I asked an old cowman if that was the driest year he ever experienced. "No, lad," he replied, "In 1888 it was so dry that the fish swimming up the river left a trail of dust behind them."

Back a bit I mentioned Nigger John Creek. It was called after a negro cowboy, John Ware about whom innumerable yarns still circulate, many of them doubtlessly apocryphal. He was a man of immense strength and a peerless rider; also he gained the respect of all through a high sense of honor and integrity. Loping across the prairie north of Brooks his horse stepped into a badger hole and threw John Ware and broke his neck. That was about 1910 I think. A creek and coulee are named Nigger John after this gallant soul.

To the eternal shame of Canadian writers, the rich mine of literature on the subject is going to waste. Much of it, I fear has gone. Scores of talented writers have done justice to the "wild west" of the United States. Alberta's range history is becoming legendary, like sagas of the Vikings. It's a pity for the sake of generations yet to come. The open range was the most alluring period of Alberta's history. The open range is gone. Surely at least the lore should be preserved.

BOW ISLAND BRIEFS

(From Our Own Correspondent)

BOW ISLAND, Feb. 8. — Merle and Buster Allen, who have recently taken the Youth Training course in Medicine Hat, have been called for service. Merle has gone to Montreal and Buster has gone to Brandon. Both boys left this week.

Mrs. Henderson entertained at a galloping tea on Thursday afternoon. Guests were Mesdames C.

BE AN APPLE EATER Enjoy B.C. APPLES

ALBERTA
OLD TIMERS' DAY
July 12th, 1926
OPENING DAY EDMONTON EXHIBITION

OLD TIMERS, ATTENTION!

GET IN THE BIG PARADE

YOU are wanted to take part in the big parade. Edmonton and Young Alberta wants to honor you. They want to cheer the pioneers who made this city and province possible, and that is why they have asked the NORTHERN ALBERTA OLD TIMERS' ASSOCIATION to invite you to take part in the big parade and to participate in the celebrating of the day that will be given over to honoring the pioneers.

Get in touch with the Chairman of your section. Read the details on this page, and then send in your name and make arrangements to take part in the big parade. The Old Timers need you. You never failed a neighbor in the old days. You won't fail the pioneers now.

OPENING day of the Edmonton Exhibition on July 12, has been officially designated as OLD TIMERS' DAY, and Alberta's first citizens will lead the big parade which marks the official opening of the Exhibition on that day.

From the days of the packers who brought in their own supplies on foot; down through the days of the Red River carts, the buckboards and the prairie schooners, to the top buggy era, and then to the days of the auto and the airplane, the progress of Alberta and Edmonton will be depicted in this parade, which is scheduled to bring together the greatest gathering of Old Timers ever held in Alberta.

YOU MUST BE THERE.—Every Old Timer in Alberta must be present. Here you will meet friends of the early days. Friends whom you have forgotten perhaps. Friends whom you thought had crossed the Great Divide. You'll live again the days of the Riel Rebellion. You'll tell the old stories, recall the old events, sing the old songs, and shake the hands of comrades of the pioneer days in Alberta.

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUN

Get in Touch with the Chairman in your Section now.

In Edmonton: James E. Reilly, chairman; Mayor K. A. Blatchford; A. W. Ormsby; A. E. Potter; Forbes Groat; Major Thibeaudault; Supt. J. D. Nicholson; R. C. Jardine; E. G. Renton; Fred Robertson; C. Peel; George Thompson; Joe Watson; W. R. West; George Goddal.

IN THE COUNTRY

STONY PLAIN: Murd. McKinley, Jacob Miller, Israel Umbach.

WINTERBURN: George Welbourn, Henry Fraser.

LEDUC: D. W. Wilkinson, R. T. Telford.

WETASKIWIN: Frank Lucas, R. M. Angus.

MILLET: John West.

ST. ALBERT: Angus McDonnell, W. J. O'Donnell, Fleury Perron.

MORINVILLE: Roger J. C. Broem, H. Meunier.

CLOVER BAR: R. P. Ottewell, W. F. Wilkinson.

BREMNER: Thomas Jackson, J. C. Bremner.

WABAMUN: Sam Lucas.

BITTERN LAKE: James Ryan.

FORT SASKATCHEWAN: Frank Walker, G. T. Montgomery.

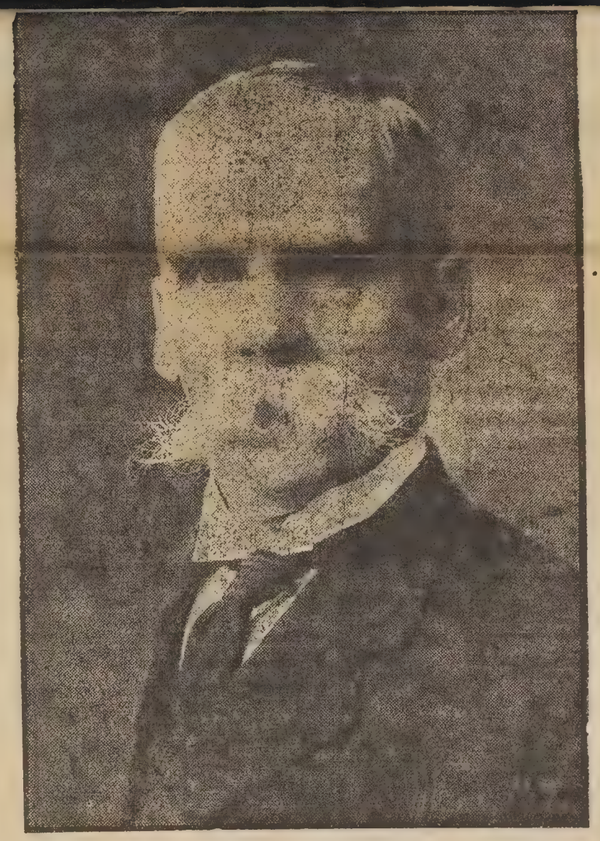
NAMAO: John Sutherland, J. J. Ferguson, Don Harroid.

DUFFIELD: Charles Perry.

SPRUCE GROVE: George Cresswell, George Groat.

SANDY LAKE: Charles Ellett.

HORSE HILLS: Ed. Broder, George West.



HON. FRANK OLIVER
Who will open "Roost."

OLD TIME BULLETIN BUILDING
As it will appear on July 12th, on the Fair Grounds.

BITTERN LAKE: James Ryan.
FORT SASKATCHEWAN: Frank Walker, G. T. Montgomery.
NAMAO: John Sutherland, J. J. Ferguson, Don Harroid.
DUFFIELD: Charles Perry.
SPRUCE GROVE: George Cresswell, George Groat.
SANDY LAKE: Charles Ellett.
HORSE HILLS: Ed. Broder, George West.

AN OLD-TIME DANCE

Every Old Timer in Northern Alberta is invited to attend an Old Time Dance at Riverview Pavilion, 109th Street, Edmonton, on June 4, 1926.

OLD TIME DANCES AND OLD TIME FIDDLERS

The Red River Jig, the Old Fashioned Waltz; all the Old Time Dances. Come and shake a leg with the boys and girls of the old days.
At this gathering definite arrangements for the Old Timers' Parade on the opening day of the Exhibition will be made. Make your plans now to attend.

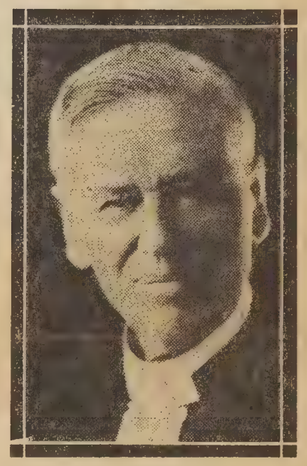
CAMPBELL YOUNG, President.
HOWARD DOUGLAS, Secretary.
Northern Alberta Old Timers' Association.

Address all correspondence regarding the Parade to
JAMES E. REILLY
Chairman Parade Committee.
C-o Reilly & Jackson Ltd., 10155 101st Street.
Phone 4180.

GET YOUR ENTRY IN NOW; SPECIAL PRIZES WILL BE GIVEN FOR THE BIG PARADE

1.—Four men or more with packs.
2.—Dog team.
3.—Float, showing gold washers at work.
4.—Pack horse train.
5.—Buffalo hunters.
6.—Red River carts.
7.—Old Timers on foot.
8.—Buckboard turnouts.
9.—Prairie schooners.
10.—Spring wagons, with Old Timers in the costumes of long ago.
11.—Top buggies.
12.—Old-time autos.
13.—Present-day cars.
14.—Float with airplane.
15.—Chuck wagon.

Parade Marshals: J. C. Bremner, Clover Bar, and Supt. J. F. Nicholson, A.P.P.



REV. DR. McQUEEN
Who will unveil Scroll.

MAYOR K. A. BLATCHFORD
Who will present the Old Bulletin Building to Old Timers.

Meet at The Old-Timers' Roost

IMMEDIATELY on reaching the Exhibition Grounds on opening day, the Old Timers will go directly to the Old Timers' Roost, where the official opening of the gathering place of the pioneers of Alberta will be in charge of Hon. Frank Oliver, Alberta's first publisher, and widely known as the editor who brought his plant in from Winnipeg in an ox-cart. The Old Timers' Scroll, with 800 names on it, will be officially unveiled by Rev. Dr. "Davie" McQueen, known as the pioneer pastor of the Presbyterian church to every Old Timer in Alberta. The Old Timers' Roost is your building. For weeks past a committee of Old Timers in Edmonton, under "Kenny" McLeod, has been preparing it. They brought the logs to Edmonton. They held peeling bees and log raising bees. They built that log house just as you built log houses in the days when you first came to Alberta. And now that log house, together with the first building which housed the Edmonton Bulletin, Alberta's oldest newspaper, is to be turned over to the Old Timers to be their permanent meeting place during Exhibition week in Edmonton. It will be the gathering place of the Old Timers, the place where you will meet the builders of the Roost, the Old Timers you knew in 1874 and the days when Edmonton was a village and Alberta unknown. You will find every convenience installed for you there at the Old Timers' Roost, post office and telegraph facilities, rest rooms. Make it your meeting place during Fair Week. It was built for you by your friends. Use it.

J. K. MACDONALD

Here Since 1905, Barrister Dies

Pioneer barrister of Edmonton, John Kenneth Macdonald, K.C., died Saturday in a city hospital after a brief illness. He was 70 years of age and lived at 9932 105 st.

Mr. Macdonald, who began to practice in Edmonton about the time the province was formed in 1905, was in partnership with the late J. E. Wallbridge, K.C., until 1908 when he entered practice by himself. In 1912 he went into partnership with Alexander Cameron Grant, and remained with him until the latter left for the east in 1924. Since that time Mr. Macdonald had practiced alone.

Born at Drayton, Ont., Mr. Macdonald came west in 1894. Prior to 1905 he was deputy attorney-general in the Northwest Territories government. He was married in 1912 to the former Therese Fraser Holland of Cobourg, Ont.

Surviving are his widow; two sons, Maj. Alan Macdonald, overseas with the Loyal Edmonton Regiment and who has very recently been awarded the O.B.E.; and Maj. Bruce Macdonald, overseas with the 4th Canadian Armored Brigade; one daughter, Mrs. Frederick Reesor of Edmonton.

Foster and McGarvey are in charge of funeral arrangements.

J. C. "Jack" McDougall President of Pioneers, Old Timers' Assn.

J. C. "Jack" McDougall, resident of Edmonton ever since he was born here 61 years ago, Tuesday evening was elected president of the Northern Alberta Pioneers and Old Timers' Association at the annual meeting in the IOOF Hall on 103 street. Mr. McDougall who will hold the presidency for a two-year term, succeeds George H. Ryan of St. Albert. The new leader was unable to attend the meeting.

Mr. Ryan did not complete his term of office. Early last month he was called to Portland, Ore., where his brother was reported ill, and he relinquished the leadership since his absence would be indefinite. A vote of sympathy to Mr. Ryan in his anxiety was moved unanimously at the meeting.

The new president has been associated with the old timers' organization since 1926 and his election recalled the first annual meeting held 50 years ago in the old Edmonton hotel on 101 street. Donald Ross, Sr., was the owner of the hotel then, and his son, Donald Ross, Jr., well-known in Edmonton and district, was among those who welcomed the new president to office.

The first president of the organization was James Gibbons. Since his time, the roster of past presidents has included Campbell Young, J. J. Duggan and Donald Ross, all of Edmonton; J. A. Sutherland, Namao; Angus McDonell and George Ryan of St. Albert, and A. J. Ottewell of Clover Bar.

NEW EXECUTIVE

Mr. McDougall will be supported in his office by a new executive comprising Clyde S. Smith, Edmonton, first vice-president; Ralph V. Bellamy, second vice-president; Sandford Haire, third vice-president; James McCool, secretary, elected for his fifteenth consecutive term; Alfred Brown, treasurer; Dr. E. A. Braithwaite, chief coroner for Alberta, physician; Sam Dickson, KC, solicitor; Rev. Alex Stewart, chaplain; G. D. K. Kinnaird, auditor, and Melvin M. Downey, historian.

As chairman, Clyde Smith welcomed more than 80 members of the organization to the meeting and was warmly applauded on his "promotion from second to first vice-president.

Reviewing the activities of the trail-blazers' organization, Secretary McCool said the executive was satisfied, that another successful year had been chalked up in the association's annals. Through the war clouds, he said, a victorious end was now in sight.

His secretarial resume indicated that the association was not without its patriotic phases. Since the first Victory Loan campaign, $2,000 had been invested in Victory bonds, with a further $240 worth of war savings certificates purchased. The assets of the group, including cash and holdings, now exceeded $14,000.

Motion introduced by Arthur Tate calling for extension of the period-of-residence limit from December 31, 1898, to January 1, 1900, was turned down after heated discussion. At present, membership is restricted to those men and women who settled west of the Great Lakes before 1898, or the son or daughter of such a member.

DETRACT FROM THEME

Formerly the time limitation was set at 1895, and changed to 1898 to include Canadians who had taken part in the Klondike gold rush of '98. The feeling of the meeting was that extending the limit to 1900 would detract from the original theme of the organization. The meeting urged that to increase membership, extension be waived in favor of a strong membership drive.

The meeting learned that the path had been opened to secure a prefabricated hut from the American authorities who formerly used the building during the Alaska highway project. A hut, measuring 22 feet by 48 feet, had been earmarked for purchase by the old-timers, with the idea of setting it up beside the Old-Timers' Cabin at the exhibition grounds.

The original cabin, used for the past four years as living quarters for the officer commanding No. 3 "M" Depot, RCAF, was considered too small, and the extension would be used to house 600 relics and curios collected by the association.

In this way, the relics, ranging from the original stage coach that plied between Calgary and Edmonton, to a clay pipe, could be catalogued and constitute a permanent museum. The relics have been stored for the past several years in the grandstand at the fair grounds.

Vote of thanks for work completed in the past year was moved in favor of Miss Etta McLeod, Mrs. John S. Fraser and Mrs. Tom Dean.

SILENCE OBSERVED

Prior to electing the 1945 slate of officers, Chairman Smith called for a two minutes silence in memory of those members deceased since the last meeting.

Secretary McCool read the names of 15 members who by reaching the age of 75 were voted into honorary life memberships.

Honorary presidents of the organization, unanimously returned to office, are: Hon. J. C. Bowen, lieutenant-governor of Alberta; Miss Etta McLeod of Edmonton, and J. D. Nicholson, formerly of Edmonton, now of Victoria, B.C.

HONORARY PATRONS

Honorary patrons are: Mrs. Harrison Young, Edmonton; Mrs. Robert Belcher, Edmonton; Mrs. D. G. McQueen, Edmonton; Campbell Young, Edmonton; Cleophus Turgeon, Edmonton; Mrs. Philip Ottewell, Clover Bar; Mrs. Annie Tofield, Tofield; J. S. Fraser, Edmonton and George Thomson, Edmonton.

Fifteen new names were added to the executive as follows: Mrs. M. Cassidy, St. Albert; H. L. C. Christie, Edmonton; Mrs. John Harrold, Sturgeon; Mrs. Carrie O'Gorman, Bremner; Mrs. Christine McKnight, Edmonton; Mrs. Robert Turnbull, Edmonton; Mrs. M. McKinley, Stony Plain; J. J. McKenzie, Edmonton; Mrs. M. LeLacheur, Edmonton; Mrs. J. S. Fraser, Edmonton; R. J. Gillis, Edmonton; Mrs. Jessie Abram, Edmonton; H. J. Montgomery, Wetaskiwin; Mrs. M. C. Armstrong, Fort Saskatchewan; Mrs. Victoria Hardy, Edmonton.

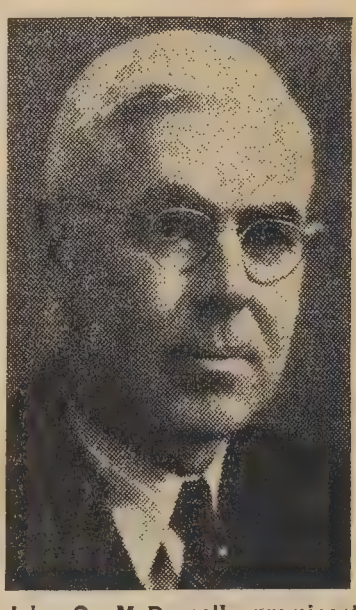
CONTINUING EXECUTIVE

Fifteen members of the executive carrying on from last year are: George Caldwell, Edmonton; George Cookson, Tofield; Mrs. Tom Dean, Edmonton; Howard T. Emery, KC, Edmonton; D. M. Harrold, Namao; J. B. Holden, Vegreville; Valentine Kelly, Picardville; Arthur Lamoureoux of Lamoureoux; T. A. Lindrom, Edmonton; Mrs. O. K. Murdock, Edmonton; W. H. R. MacLaren, Leduc; Mrs. W. L. Sharp, Horse Hills; Robert Sutherland, Colchester; Tom Wells, Edmonton; and Tracy N. Long Namao.

Fifteen of the old-timers who are more than 75 years old were elected to life membership. They were: Anton Andreason, Bawlf; George W. Cookson, Tofield; J. D. Foster, Benalto; Frank Iseke, St. Albert; George Noyes, Calahoo; Joseph Reith, Bremner; John W. West, Millet, and the following residents of Edmonton; Mrs. Robert Bailey, C. J. Carter, Mrs. J. J. Duggan, Mrs. Bertha C. Hainstock, Hugh McLean, A. W. Ormsby, Mrs. W. H. Sheppard, and W. R. Wilson.

—V.

President



John C. McDougall, prominent Edmonton business man, who Tuesday night was elected president of the Northern Alberta Pioneers and Old-Timers' Association at the annual meeting in the IOOF Hall. Mr. McDougall succeeds George H. Ryan of St. Albert.

J. K. Macdonald, K.C.

Though there were few Edmontonians who had had their homes here for a longer time, no one ever thought of Kenneth Macdonald as an old man and the news of his sudden passing came as a great shock to his large company of friends. He came west 50 years ago and, after engaging in newspaper work for a time, entered the profession of law. Prior to the establishment of the new provinces he was a member of the legal staff of the territorial government at Regina and became the first deputy attorney general of Alberta. A little later he started the practice in this city which he had continued ever since.

Mr. Macdonald's recollections of early Edmonton days were very keen and to hear him tell of them always gave great pleasure. In the first number of *The Alberta Folklore Quarterly,* issued last month, he had an article in which the Klondike rush of 1898 through what was then this small and remote community was described. The pictures presented of those who flocked here were so vividly drawn that it was hoped he would publish much more material of the same historical value as this. As a young man he was a member of a company of amateur actors that toured both the territories and British Columbia. It is greatly to be deplored that he was not spared to make a record of his experiences with that organization and of many of his other varied activities.

Bulletin - Nov. 11, 1944

Mrs. D. G. McQueen Recalls Early Life as Minister's Wife in City

By MARY McBEATH

Mrs. D. G. McQueen, widow of Dr. David George McQueen, pioneer minister of First Presbyterian church of Edmonton with her dignity and charm of manner has won all hearts and has the love and respect of all who have known her.

The First Presbyterian church, of which Dr. McQueen was second minister, is celebrating its 63rd anniversary Sunday. The Rev. John Hardwick, minster of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church Saskatoon will be guest preacher at special services Sunday. Monday evening an anniversary dinner will be served, after which Mrs. McQueen will give a brief resume of history of the congregation.

Born in Strabane, Ont., in 1861, Mrs. McQueen was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Robertson. She received her schooling in Hamilton and Waterdown and later taught school a few miles from Hamilton. On Sept. 23, 1890 she married Dr. McQueen, going to Calgary and later coming here.

RECALLS FIRST TRIP

Recalling her first trip to the city, Mrs. McQueen said she and her husband crossed the river near the old Fort where the legislative buildings now stand. The fort at that time was surrounded by a palisade, a protection from the Indians. Watchmen stood guard at the four corners. They went along the river bank to where it was not so high and drove through the trees on a trail about where 104 street is now. The first school in Edmonton stood on that corner, where McKay Avenue now is situated. Children from North Edmonton and from across the river attended the school. There were about 250 persons in Edmonton at that time, all living around 98 street and not very many white women.

In coming to Edmonton from Calgary, Mrs. McQueen said there were stopping places about every 40 miles, the distance one could travel in one day in those times. She said, it seems odd today to think it took sometimes 10 days for her husband to go to a meeting and that trip now takes perhaps one and one half hours.

FIRST HOME HERE

Their first home was on a part of the McKay Avenue school grounds, where they lived for two years. Then a manse was built on 104 street next door to where Mrs. McQueen now resides, 9912 104 street. A larger manse was built two doors south of the old manse, some 20 years later.

Mrs. McQueen said the Indians used to come to the house to see her husband and would just walk in. She herself couldn't speak Cree nor the Indians English, but they could understand English, and could in some way make themselves understood. One Indian girl in particular came to the manse selling eggs. In order to make Mrs. McQueen understand, she went over to the coal scuttle, picked up an egg shell, showed it to her, and then cackled like a hen.

Pioneer

MRS. D. G. McQUEEN

Another incident she related was that of an Indian woman who had buried her child in a spot over which, some time after, a railway was put through, passing over the child's grave. She picked up the bones and brought them to Mrs. McQueen. She wanted them put in a box, lined with white, (pointing to the white apron Mrs. McQueen was wearing) and covered with black, pointing to her black dress. Mrs. McQueen did this, and then the Indian woman left for Winterburn Indian Reserve where a burial service was held.

Dr. and Mrs. McQueen had seven children. The eldest, James resides at Red Deer. Alec was killed in action 1916 with the Princess Pats; Robert who was killed in a plane crash in 1941; Mrs. J. A. MacInnis, Orilla, Ont.; Mrs. Duncan McKnight who with her two children, is staying with her mother; Mrs. Henry Siemens, Lamont, and Mrs. C. E. Learmonth, Edmonton. There are 12 grandchildren.

Mrs. McQueen is still an active member of First Presbyterian church, and of various organizations in the church. She was president for many years of the Women's Missionary Society, and also has been very active in Sunday school work.

Edmonton Bulletin 4/21/45

J. K. MACDONALD, KC

Ill Short Time

J. K. Macdonald, City Barrister, Dies: 71 Years

Prominent Edmonton barrister and oldtime resident of Edmonton, J. K. Macdonald KC, died Saturday morning after a brief illness. He was 71 years old.

He was born at Drayton, Ont., on July 24, 1974 and came to Western Canada in 1895. For a period he was associated with the editorial staff of The Edmonton Bulletin, and later entered into partnership with the late James E. Wallbridge KC, in the practice of law.

For a number of years he was deputy attorney general for the province, and on resigning from that post practised law in Edmonton in partnership with Alex C. Grant, now resident in Toronto. In latter years he was conducting his own law practice in the Tegler building.

He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Therese Fraser Macdonald; two sons, Maj. Alan Macdonald, and Maj. Bruce Macdonald, both serving overseas, a daughter Mrs. Fred Reesor, Edmonton, and one sister, Miss Catherine Macdonald, also of Edmonton.

A funeral service will be held at Foster and McGarvey's chapel at 2 p.m. on Tuesday. Burial will be in Edmonton cemetery.

Pioneer's Husband Taught School With Two Guns

A link with Alberta's historic past, when trading and hunting buffalo were usual occupations and teaching school to Blood Indians was a job for a brave man with a quick trigger finger, is provided by Mrs. Catherine MacKay of 3rd St. E., Brooks, Alberta.

Mrs. MacKay, whose earliest memories are of the "wild and woolly" days of the West, is observing her 83rd birthday today.

Born in Winnipeg in 1861, Mrs. MacKay came west with her parents when she was about nine years old. They settled at the forks of the Red Deer and South Saskatchewan rivers, near Empress, and there her father carried on trading and buffalo hunting.

Mrs. MacKay married the late Samuel MacKay, who taught school to Blood Indian children at Macleod. A loaded rifle standing beside his desk and a .45 calibre revolver on his belt were part of his school equipment.

Mrs. MacKay is believed to be the only woman alive who has seen Chesterfield House, one of the first trading posts in the West. Her great-grandfather helped build it in 1791, and it was located about 11 miles below the present town of Empress on the north bank of the South Saskatchewan river.

In her youth Mrs. MacKay helped prepare thousands of pounds of buffalo meat into pemmican. She still is able to do her own housework and cooking.

GOVAN PRAIRIE NEWS Thurs. Oct. 7/43

Prairie Craftsman Leaves For The Pacific Coast

GOVAN—The district lost a picturesque character on Tuesday, when Ole L. Thoen, one of Govan's earliest settlers, left to make his home at the Pacific Coast. Before leaving, Mr. Thoen, known widely as Ole, presented his numerous friends and acquaintances with specimens from his collection of carvings and paintings, the product of many years' solitude in his bachelor home a mile west of town. For years visitors, especially children have been attracted by his craftsmanship and there are many who will miss his presence in the community.

A lover of the beautiful in form, color and design, Ole had no training in technique for the pursuit of his hobby, but despite that lack produced a prodigious number of pleasing works of handicraft. While his innate artistic sense expressed itself in various ways, growing flowers, painting in oil and water colors, carpentry and carvings on chests and cabinets, his chief joy was in carving little figures in wood—horses, deer, cows, sheep and birds of every kind. Some were carved in one piece, others the tiny wings made of strips of infinitesimal size, patiently glued together, were evolved by his skillful fingers. The wood for these figures Ole found in his own back yard, the familiar prairie poplar. This he cut, stripped of bark, and dried in his kitchen by the fire during the long winter days. Using the simplest tools, often made by himself by filing ordinary knives into blades to suit his particular purpose, he painstakingly and lovingly worked through the hours. The carving completed, he rubbed the object smooth, and oiled it before finishing by marking, painting and varnishing. Disdaining the use of a turning lathe, his vases and candlesticks were executed with a flawless sense of proportion and balance.

Besides his gift for handicraft Ole was always fond of music. As a young man in Norwary he played for the folk dances in his community of Halling Wale near Drammen. Visitors to his bachelor home, after being invited to partake if coffee, inevitably enjoyed a tune from his accordian when feet were sent tapping to gay polkas and dreamy old-style waltzes dear to the memory of his beloved homeland.

When his father died in Norway, Ole, as the eldest of five children helped his mother run the home farm until 1903. Then with his mother and youngest brother he left Norway to join two other brothers who had preceded them to Bemidji, Minn. In 1904 taking four horses, three cows, the barest essentials in farm implements and household effects, they left Minnesota to take up land in Saskatchewan. After being delayed seven weeks in Regina and Lumsden, then the end of the steel, by the flooding of Qu'Appelle Valley, they arrived in June at the homestead one mile west of the present townsite of Govan.

Ole had little love for farming and after homestead duties were performed he left the working of his land to his brothers while he helped neighbors and worked at carpentry. In 1911 he returned to Norway, but only stayed a year, coming back to Govan and building the three roomed cottage which has since been his home.

In 1928 he visited the West Coast and bought a small piece of land near Nanaimo on Vancouver Island. There he plans to build a little home, where, enjoying a pleasant climate near the sea, he can continue to dispense his hospitality, grow flowers, paint and carve little figures.

—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix

Our local printer (editor of Modern Farming Times) is having trouble keeping a linotype operator. Either the last one he had found "Morning" a fine hunks of a night or was the last.

a story here "girl" not waited.

The Romance of Mrs. Kootenai Brown, Born a Full-Blooded Cree

Nearing the century mark, death this morning called Mrs. Kootenai Brown, one of the most picturesque Indians in Western Canada. She was the widow of the founder and first superintendent of Waterton National Park in southern Alberta, who was the first white settler in Waterton Lakes district. Following a colorful career, he died in 1916, leaving his widow to whom he was legally married by Father Lacombe.

A buxom Indian girl, a member of the Cree tribe, Mrs. Brown's early home was in a tepee in the southern part of Saskatchewan. Here at the age of 17, with straight black hair flying unrestrained in the Chinook wind, she would dash madly across the prairie on a cayuse. Life was full of adventure and she loved it. She did not have to think of her figure. The fuller it was the more popular she would be. Redskins preferred stout squaws. They brought twice as much as skinny girls. So her girlhood was spent in the easy carefree manner of the Indians when the plains were their property. Gay colors delighted her heart and her joy in a bit of bright ribbon was evident when she dressed for special occasions.

Early one spring—so long ago that Mrs. Brown had forgotten the year—she left her prairie home to visit relatives living at Babb, Mont. Shortly after her arrival there her relations talked of going over the mountains to trade with a pale face known as Kootenai Brown, who was in charge of the famous "Dardanelles" trading post. She thrilled to the promise of adventure. She, too, would go.

Meets Kootenai Brown

After days of pilgrimage over precipitous Rocky Mountain pass, the party arrived at the trading post. The sparkling brown eyes of the Indian girl immediately attracted John George Brown, romantacist and soldier of fortune. What could he trade for her? An ugly squaw would demand one pony, but this woman would not be so cheap. Finally he agreed to trade five cayuses. In this manner "Chee-Nee-Pay-Tha - Quo-Ka-Soon" became the property of Kootenai Brown, the man who was born in Ireland, served in the army in India and after travelling about South America, getting in many scrapes, finally landed on the Pacific coast of Canada. In 1869 he wended his way through the Kootenai pass to what is now one of the most famous parks in the Dominion of Canada but at that time was an unexplored region. Kootenai came by his nickname either because of his adventure through that region or because he could speak the language of the Kootenai Indians.

A delightful part of Kootenai's trade to get himself the Indian belle of his desires showed his shrewdness. After giving the Indian sufficient "fire water," it is said he staged a pony race and won back the five ponies.

The Indian girl lived happily in her mountain home overlooking the deep blue lakes in the Waterton region. Their log house was at the mouth of Pass Creek, the property on which Kootenai had his homestead. Although the building is no longer there, the place is marked by a little white picket fence on the side of the mountain where Kootenai is laid to rest. To this point Mrs. Brown made a yearly pilgrimage, returning wearily at nightfall to her habitation in the foothills at Twin Butte where she lived with old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reviere, breeds, who are descendents of the French aristocracy.

Full of Romance

Mrs. Brown's life with Kootenai was full of romance and adventure. She was the envy of all other Indian maidens because Kootenai kept her dressed in brilliant silks. He showered her with gifts of beads and rings, and treated her always with great respect. His pet name for her was "Nitchimouse," meaning "My Good Woman." But no other might have that privilege. Mr. Brown saw to it that others addressed her as "Mrs. Brown." Two children were born but neither survived owing to improper nourishment. Mrs. Brown was known throughout the district for her hospitality but she never could master the art of bread-making so hot biscuits took its place in their homey fare. Her home was spotlessly clean, and although she never attempted to speak English lest someone make fun of her, she could understand most things said to her.

Just one black cloud darkened the horizon of her happy life with her beloved paleface husband; that was when he brought home a white girl. Mrs. Brown would not stand the indignity. She waited till Kootenai and the girl went into the mountains to hunt, then piled all the household effects into the old wagon, hitched up the ponies and treked the weary miles back to her relations at Babb. Soon Kootenai followed. He wanted her to return. She did so after much persuasion and the promise that such a thing would not happen again. It never did.

Happy Hunting Grounds

When death robbed Mrs. Brown of her life partner the government provided that she receive proper care. Her days were passed in idleness, the brightest spots being visits from old friends. An old clay pipe was her constant companion. The sparkling brown eyes grew dimmed with age but dreams were behind them. She looked forward to this day when she goes to the happy hunting ground to join Kootenai. Snow white hair framed her dusky weather-beaten face. There were lines there. Deep lines of love, happiness, sorrow, all forming the history of a life well spent. Wrinkled hands now grasped a sturdy cane to help her moccasin-covered feet over the remainder of life's pathway.

As she heard the throb of airplanes crossing the Rockies she recalled the words of Kootenai who told her, "One day you will see men fly like birds." His promise came true. She awaited his other promise, that she would join him in the future world. "Nitchimouse" delighted to think that she may be buried with the full Indian rites. Eagerly she anticipated that adventure which she believed would end in reunion with Kootenai.

Help Kidneys

If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, Itching or Acidity try the Doctor's prescription Cystex (Sisstex). Must end your troubles in 8 days or money back. Only 75c at druggists.

French Chamber Backs Plan Raise Its Air Force

PARIS, April 1.—(C.P.-Havas)—The chamber of deputies today approved measures dealing with the reorganization of the French air force, after an impassioned appeal from Air Minister Victor Denain that "in 1935 we must have an air force equal to Germany's."

The measures voted deal with technical aspects of the proposed reorganization which, it is estimated, will cost 1,500,000,000 francs (nearly $99,000,000). The chamber has yet to vote the necessary credits.

He appealed for adoption of the measure, which makes the air force independent of the army and prescribes methods of recruiting.

Says Roosevelt May Be Third Party Candidate In 1936 Instead of Long

WASHINGTON, April 1.—(A.P.)—Huey Long predicted today President Roosevelt might be the "third party" candidate for 1936 instead of himself or some other "share-the-wealth" leader.

"We may not have to form a third party," Louisiana's Kingfish snorted in response to a question as to when he would announce his plans. "Roosevelt may be the one leading a third party.

"This ain't a Democratic party running the government now. It's a St. Vitus dance party designated by a blue buzzard, and a dead one at that," said the "Kingfish."

MURDER AND SUICIDE

SEATTLE, April 1—(A.P.)—Police said today Williard M. Perkins, 70, Chicago broker, shot and killed his 65-year-old wife, them shot himself to death.

Illness, police said, was the reason for the shootings.

AIR ACE CRASHES

BEAUVAIS, France, April 1—(A.P.)—Robert Bajac, 36, one of France's youngest war aviators and chief pilot of the French European commercial service, was killed today in a plane crash.

Oldtimers and Pioneers Turn Back History Pages; Indulge in Reminiscences

"Good Old Days" Recalled at Sixth Annual "Round Up" of Southern Alberta Pioneers and Old-Timers — Great Dining Room Studded with Reminiscences of the Past Before Calgary Reached Dignity of a City.

Miniature of Fort Calgary Graces Head Banquet Table

Event of Evening Is "The Moochican," Which Was Held Following the Dinner—Jolly Old-Timers Dance Into the Dawn of Another Day—Much of Credit Due to Frank Sibbald and Norman K. Luxton, of Banff, for Success Of Event.

FOR a glorious, brief moment on Thursday night the sands of time turned backward in their course and Old-Timers of Southern Alberta lived once again those thrilling moments of frontier life that mark the pioneer development of this province.

The occasion was the sixth annual "round up" of the Southern Alberta Pioneers' and Old-Timers' Associations, held in the Palliser hotel.

Gathered at the annual reunion, which has now become the historic landmark in Alberta's story, the pioneers who pushed their way into the unknown territory that we now know as a province, recalled the "good old days" and gloried in reminiscences of the past. More than six hundred pioneers and old-timers attended the reunion, which culminated in the banquet and dance.

Reminders of Past

Those in attendance entered the great dining room to find waiting for them an expanse of appropriately laid tables, studded with reminders of the past, the head table being decorated with symbols of the early days. There was a miniature stable, an exact miniature of Fort Calgary, a well-painted tepee, a replica of the old-timers' shack at the stampede grounds and other appropriate symbols of the life that was lived before Calgary reached the dignity of calling herself a city. The whole dining room was decorated in a sympathetic scheme that lent the proper air to such a gathering.

The event of the evening was "The Moochican," which was held following the dinner, but before the jolly Old-Timers' dance commenced.

Much of the success of this event is to be credited to Frank Sibbald and Norman K. Luxton, of Banff.

Signing of Treaty

The action represented the signing of the famous treaty, No. 7, which historians take as the final guarantee of peace between the redskins and the whites on the plains of Alberta.

After the ball room of the Palliser was cleared of the dinner tables, in record time, by Manager M. J. Brennan's efficient staff, the actors who took part in this historical pageant held the floor.

First came the Indians and squaws, who grouped themselves around the table where the treaty was to be signed; then came the Mounted Police, followed by Mrs. A. E. Cross impersonating Mrs. Macleod, Lady Lougheed impersonating Mrs. Winder, and Mrs. D. McDougall representing herself. Then came the missionaries, Archdeacon Tims and others; the Hudson's Bay factors arrived. Then entered Colonel Macleod, represented by Colonel James Walker, and the lieutenant-governor, represented by A. E. Cross. In due time the treaty was signed.

Address to Tribes

The address to the assembled Indian tribes, which included Blackfeet, Stoneys and Peigans, by Lieut.-Governor Laird was as follows:

"The Great Spirit has made all things—the sun, the moon, and the stars, the earth, the forests, and the swift-running rivers. It is by the Great Spirit that the Queen rules over this great country and other great countries. The Great Spirit has made the white men and the red men brothers, and we should take each other by the hand. The Great Mother loves all her children, white men and red men alike; she wishes to do them all good. . . . I have to tell you how much pleased the Queen is that you have taken the police by the hands and helped them, and obeyed her laws, since the arrival of the police. The Great Mother heard that the buffalo are being killed very fast, and to prevent them from being destroyed, her councillors have made a law to protect them. This law is for your good. This will save the buffalo and provide you with food for many years yet, and it shows you that the Queen and her councillors wish you well.

Treaties Are Made

"Many years ago our Great Mother made a treaty with the Indians far away by the great waters in the east. Last year a treaty was made with the Crees along the Saskatchewan, and now the Queen has sent Colonel Macleod and myself to ask you to make a treaty. The Queen wishes you to allow her white children to come and live on your land and raise cattle, and should you agree to this she will assist you to raise cattle and grain.

"If you sign the treaty, every man, woman and child will get $12 each; the money will be paid to the head of each family, for himself, his women and children; every year, forever, you, your women and your children will get $5 each. This year chiefs and councillors will be paid a larger sum than this; chiefs will get a suit of clothes, a silver medal and flag, and every third year will get another suit.

Ammunition Issued

"Ammunition will be issued to you each year, and as soon as you sign the treaty one thousand five hundred dollars' worth will be distributed amongst the tribes, and as soon as you settle, teachers will be sent to you to instruct your children to read books like the Bible, which is impossible so long as you continue to move from place to place. I have now spoken. I have made you acquainted with the principal terms contained in the treaty, which you are asked to sign."

In answer to this address, Chief Crowfoot, of the Blackfoot, made what is possibly the most eloquent address that has ever been translated from the Indian to English. He said:

Children of Plains

"While I speak be kind and patient. I have to speak for my people, who are numerous, and who rely upon me to follow that course which in the future will tend to their good. The plains are large and wide. We are the children of the plains, it is our home, and the buffalo has been our food always. I hope you look upon the Blackfoot, Bloods and Sarcess as your children now, and that you will be indulgent and charitable to them. They all expect me to speak now for them, and I trust the Great Spirit will put into their breasts to be good people, into the minds of the men, women and children, and their future generations.

"The advice given me and my people has proved to be very good. If the police had not come to the country, where would we be all now? Bad men and whisky were killing us so fast that very few indeed of us would have been left today. The police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protects it from the frosts of winter. I wish them all good, and trust that all our hearts will increase in goodness from this time forward. I am satisfied. I will sign the treaty."

Invite to Carnival

The concluding Indian address was delivered by the powerful "Bear's Paw" of the Stoney tribe, who modernized his 1927 appeal to include a request that his tribe and all friendly nations visit the Banff winter carnival. "Come," he said, "to the Mother's Park, but we want our queen to show us the way."

The queen he referred to was Miss Mary Cross, present queen of the Banff carnival, who was called upon to respond. In his address Bear's Paw said:

Can Sleep Safely

"The Great Spirit sent the white man across the great waters to carry out His (the Great Spirit's) ends. The Great Spirit, and not the Great Mother (the Queen) gave us this land. The Great Mother sent Stamixotoken (Col. Macleod) and the police to put an end to the traffic in firewater. I can sleep now safely. Before the arrival of the police, when I laid my head down at night, every sound frightened me; my sleep was broken now I can sleep sound, and am not afraid. The Great Mother sent you to this country, and we hope she will be good to us for many years. I hope and expect to get plenty; we think we will not get so much as the Indians receive from the Americans on the other side; they get large presents of flour, sugar, tea and blankets. The Americans gave at first large bags of flour, sugar and many blankets, the next year it was only half the quantity, and the following years it grew less and less, and now they give only a handful of flour.

An Open Treaty

"Now you see me stand before you all. What has been done here today has been done openly before the Great Spirit and before the nation, and I hope I may never hear anyone say that this treaty has been done secretly; and now in closing this council, I take off my glove, and in giving you my hand I deliver over my birthright and lands, and in taking your hand I hold fast all the promises you have made, and I hope they will last as long as the sun rises and water flows, as you have said.

"We will now go to our Great Mother's park, but we want our Queen to show us the way."

White Elk Impersonates

It is worthy of note that the famous Crowfoot was impersonated by White Elk of the Blackfoot the interpretation being made by Archdeacon Tims while Frank Sibbald speaking for Bear's Paw addressed the Old-Timers in the Stoney language. He was interpreted by George Maclean of the Stoneys.

Miss Mary Cross queen of the Banff winter carnival asked the children of the Banff national park, both white and red, to attend the winter carnival. These ceremonies were concluded with a pow-wow and tea dance; then the Old-Timers seriously got down to business to dance their way into the dawn of another day.

Reminiscences of those hard, but yet humorous early days were the feature of the reply to the toast to "The Press," made by Hon. Lieut.-Col. J. H. Woods. Mr. Woods said:

Considered Privilege

"Thank you very much for extending to me the privilege of speaking to this gathering. I have many things to thank you for, among which is the fact that on previous occasions, as well as tonight, you have received me with kindness and listened to me with patience.

"It is an honor for any citizen to address the Old-Timers, because in them is represented the history and the true dignity of our country. The present and future of any nation are built upon its past, and if Alberta today displays qualities of courage, stamina, enterprise and commercial honor, and if it has a future it is due in great measure to the traditions that have been handed down to us and for which the Old-Timers are chiefly responsible. Therefore, in looking about you at the stately edifice that has been reared, you have a right to consider yourselves as constituting its strong and sure foundation, upon which, and only upon which, it may safely rest.

Not Moralizing

"But it is not my intention tonight to moralize upon your virtues or to portray the greatness of what has sprung from your early days. Looking around this gathering, I am inclined rather to think of some of the little incidents of life that have made up the complete picture of our yesterday, and in which you are involved. For instance, the paper I represent is itself one of the oldest 'native sons' of Alberta, having been born on the bank of the Bow river where Calgary now stands, on September 5, 1883. It has been said of Richard III. that he was born with teeth, and thereby had an advantage over the other babies of his day. The Herald, unlike other native sons, was born with the power of speech and has been using it vigorously ever since, not, I hope, without credit and benefit to the community.

"The press is the recorder of events, and without its voice even your brightest actions would soon fade. How interesting, therefore, it is to go back over the records of the years and trace the evolution of events. I have some of such items with me. For instance, it is recorded that Sam Livingstone brought in the first threshing machine in January, 1884, and that it cost him $900. Things were cheap in those days, weren't they?

Jail for Contempt

"Many of you remember the time when Judge Travis sent the editor of The Herald, Hugh Cayley, to jail for contempt of court. That was a great event, because it constituted a perpetual claim to greatness on the part of Hugh Cayley and it lost Judge Travis his job in the supreme court.

"Just about the time when Sam Livingstone brought in his threshing machine, Major James Walker began building stores and dwelling houses on the Denny estate over in East Calgary, and it was then also that a great corporation entitled the Calgary Tram, Omnibus and Transfer Company, applied for a charter to do all the business of the young town in this line. There were 600 people in the town at the time and 160 of them signed a petition protesting against the monopolizing of our municipal rights and revenues. That was a long time ago, but the sentiment sounds familiar still.

Lessons from Files

"I find that the first Young People's Society was organized in Calgary in 1884, with James A. Lougheed as its chairman. I learned also from our files that on February 18 of that same year the first public school was opened in Calgary, J. W. Costello being the teacher at $50 a month. There were 17 pupils, and on the list I found the names of M. C. Costello and Mary Elizabeth Lee, now our distinguished and esteemed friend, Mrs. Nolan.

"An item of news recorded in 1883 is the erection of the first lumber-built building on the west side of the Elbow. It was built by Murdock McLean down just about where the C.P.R. roundhouse now is.

Characteristic Item

"A characteristic item is recorded on March 10, 1884, when the Calgary Amateur Dramatic Society presented a successful farce, with Tony Grogan's brother George and Tim Dunn's father, Tim, as the principal actors.

"One good item appeared in January, 1884," said the speaker,

"'The Winnipeg and North West Petroleum Company has shipped a complete drilling outfit to Calgary, from Bradford, Pennsylvania. The land upon which the company proposes to drill lies 60 miles north of Calgary. It is expected that oil will be struck at 500 feet.

"It would be impossible to mention the names and incidents affecting all the old-timers, but I cannot refrain from two or three," said Mr. Woods.

"It was on April 11, 1884, that Rev. Tims, now Archdeacon Tims, opened English church services in the police barracks in Calgary. It was in the same month that the first town cricket club was organized, to be followed almost immediately by a thriving lacrosse club. It was, I think, in October, 1884, that William Pearce, then assistant Dominion land commissioner, arrived here from Winnipeg, and in the same month it is recorded in The Herald that the police barracks were supplied with coal from 'coal banks' where Lethbridge now stands, being hauled from there by I. G. Baker's bull teams.

Now Valuable Lots

"One item that struck me in reading our old files was the sale of lots on Seventh avenue near First street west in 1884 for $50 a lot. This would comprise probably the site of the present Herald building or perhaps the Hudson's Bay store. The selling value of the land at the time these buildings were erected had increased approximately 800 times.

"I could go on for a long time picking out items which would amuse or thrill you and which anyhow bring back to many of you memories of bygone days, but I will not do so.

"It has merely been my object to awaken some of those chords of memory in your hearts, and to indicate a few of the links between the Fort Calgary of old and the Calgary of today. In this great development you, the Old-Timers, have been by no means alone. Through the years that have passed other and newer faces have appeared, other and newer personalities have come upon the stage and have done their share in the development of our community. There is no one who would be more ready than an old-timer to give credit to the influences that have followed him.

Had Abiding Faith

"Nevertheless, even though these new forces have been, and are, beneficial, our city and country will never forget the fortitude and the cheerfulness and the abiding faith shown by those who laid its foundations. Not only we in this city but the people of our province and of Western Canada, have a great heritage in this respect. The name and fame of such a force as the Royal North West Mounted Police is alone sufficient to confer dignity upon a people."

Col. Walker in Chair

Col. James Walker, president of the association was in the chair.

Dr. Costello Presides

Col. James Walker, after a few words of welcome, proposed the toast to the King. He then turned the programme over to Dr. M. C. Costello, who presided as toastmaster in a very efficient manner. A solo and an encore given by Gerald Fitzgerald, preceded the toast, "The Province of Alberta," which was responded to by His Honor Lieut.-Governor Dr. R. M. Egbert.

His honor spoke of the difficulty he had to find adequate language in which to reply to this toast. He told of the great pleasure it gave him to return to Calgary which he had seen develop from a small town to a splendid city, and especially the pleasure it gave him to attend the reunion. It was, he said, one of the greatest gatherings in Alberta, not only as to size, but great in the quality of those who took part in it. These men and women the speaker said, formed the connecting link between the past and present and such a reunion gave an opportunity of reviewing the past.

Spirit of Pioneers

The past year, the speaker said, had been probably the banner year for Alberta, but the province was starting out on a new year full of hope, and he hoped that 1927 would prove one of the outstanding years of progress. The reason why this new province had made such wonderful strides in progress was because of the character of the pioneers who had sprung from a splendid stock.

"It is up to you," said the governor, "to carry on the development on the splendid foundation that the pioneers have laid. But there is one thing I would like to impress on you," he continued, "it is this. During the next few years we will see a large influx of newcomers, some of whom even will not understand our language. If we expect to keep them here we must at least express to them our sympathy."

Hand of Fellowship

To impress this exhortation the speaker told of his trip up to the Peace River country—a country which he advised all to visit as soon as possible and told of a Scandinavian colony he had visited where the speaker at a banquet in his honor had said, "All we want from Canadians is the hand of fellowship. Show us you want us here."

Mrs. Jessie Glanville Carson followed with a solo which was encored.

Fraternal greetings from the Clansmen's club were received at this time after which the toast to "The Women Pioneers of Alberta" was proposed.

Lady Lougheed responded in a very brief speech and concluded by wishing all a very happy New Year.

Bouquet Presented

Col. Walker in behalf of the Men's Association, presented Lady Lougheed with a very fine bouquet of carnations, after which Horace Reynolds rendered a solo which was so much appreciated that he received two encores.

The toast, "The Native Sons and Daughters," was responded to by Miss Christine Robertson for the daughters and Jack Hutchings for the sons. Miss Robertson said:

"In responding to the toast to the Native Daughters of Alberta, I wish first to pay a tribute to the pioneer women of the west. No words of mine can express what we owe, what this city and province owe to the first generation of women who settled in the west. These were women natural, and educated with all the advantages of eastern and old country culture, who were willing to brave the hardships of western pioneer life and establish the first real homes in the province; and, while doing so, they set up the high standard of moral and social life which is the best heritage of Alberta.

Many Advantages

"It is our duty as native daughters of this province to uphold these high standards and to maintain them intact. We have many advantages which the pioneer women did not have, fine educational opportunities, great social centres and religious facilities, everything to enable us to carry on and even to enlarge our sphere of usefulness to the province.

"We sometimes hear it claimed that the young women of today have not the strong qualities necessary to carry on and maintain what you, our pioneer women have set before us. I respectfully submit that the only way to find what the young women of today can accomplish is to put them to the test.

"We believe that the example set before us by our pioneer women, the lessons we have learned from them, together with the advantages that are ours, have equipped us to successfully cope with the conditions that confront us."

Mr. Hutchings speaking for the Native Sons said they felt highly honored in being toasted by the old-timers. They were all very proud, he said, of being sons of old-timers of this province. "We are," he said, "the first generation of native sons. Our object is to continue the good fellowship with those with whom we went to school and spent our boyhood together. It will be our object to so conduct ourselves so we will be a credit to our parents."

The toast to the sister organizations was responded to by James Sutherland, of Sturgeon, president of the Pioneers and Old-Timers' Association of Northern Alberta, and Charles Grayson, president of the Cochrane Old-Timers' Association.

Those seated at the top table included: Miss Tims, Miss Christine Robertson, Archdeacon Tims, Mrs. Skitch, James Sutherland, Hon. Lieut.-Col. J. H. Woods, Mrs. Fred Osborne, His Hon. Lieut.-Governor Wm. Egbert, Col. James Walker, M. C. Costello, Lady Lougheed, Mayor F. E. Osborne, Mrs. Dave McDougall, Howard Douglas, Mrs. Shaw, Jack Hutchings and Lieut.-Col. Gillespie.

Among those who contributed to the musical programme were: Gerald Fitzgerald, Mrs. Jessie G. Carson, James Graham and party, Horace Reynolds and Bob. McLaren.

Amongst those present were:

Mrs. J. Montgomerie Bell, Miss M. Pinkham, Mrs. C. Townshend, J. S. Townshend, Walter Moss; W. L. Watt, Nanton; E. J. Thorne, Aldersyde; W. J. Pender, Pekisko; Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Short; Mr. W. M. Lineham, Okotoks; John M. Linehan, Okotoks; H. Millar, Pekisko; J. S. Blake, Nanton; Mrs. J. S. Blake, Nanton; J. H. Johnston, C. T. Smith; Mrs. R. A. Allen, Claresholm; Mr. R. A. Allen, Claresholm; Mrs. W. Cousins, Medicine Hat; Miss G. W. Cousins, Medicine Hat; Mrs. W. M. Elliott, Mrs. C. W. Pennefather, Mrs. D. B. Eneeno, Col. P. W. Pennefather, A. Dalgleish, Mrs. A. Dalgleish, Mrs. Jessie Kerr, Mrs. T. G. McClelland, Mrs. H. Halloran, Jas. A. Briggs, Margaret Adams, Mrs. E. P. McNeill; A. Fleming, High River; Mrs. Malcolm Millar and Malcolm Millar, Millarville; Mrs. H. H. Jenkins, Pincher Creek; Mrs. P. J. Nolan; Geo. Cody, Fernie; Miss Janet Sparrow, Mrs. W. B. Gravely, Mrs. J. W. Richardson, Mrs. Lester Skinner, Mrs. F. E. Staines, T. J. S. Skinner, Mrs. A. Himmelman; Mrs. K. M. Dewar, Drumheller; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Cotton, Miss M. M. Clarke, Wm. Niven, Viva Niles, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Robinson; James A. Hogge, Okotoks; Mrs. James A. Hogge, Okotoks; Mrs. A. E. Shattuck, De Winton; Gordon Birney, Midnapore; Olive F. Shattuck, De Winton; A. J. Currie, De Winton; Mrs. Thos. Cronie, Mrs. Frank C. Tempest, Mrs. James Humphries, Mrs. Jack Hutchings, Leishman McNeill, Miss Gwen. Stoddard, Miss Lucy McBride, James Smart; Harold Bannister, Okotoks; Mrs. Jas. Robertson, Crossfield; Mrs. J. E. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Graham, Mrs. J. C. Linton, J. C. Linton, Mrs. R. J. Hutchings, R. J. Hutchings, Col. W. H. Hewgill, Capt. Hall, Mrs. M. E. Young, Mrs. Geo. Lane; Miss A. Sexsmith, High River; Mrs. Harry F. Robertson, High River; M. Sexsmith; W. Summers, High River; J. T. Whitbread; George Scott and F. W. Paterson, Okotoks; John MacLeod, Miss M. C. MacLeod, Mrs. Geo. H. Ross; Miss Etta McLivet, Edmonton; Mrs. N. K. Luxton, Banff; R. N. Smith, Mrs. R. N. Smith, Jennie Soley, Alfred S. McKay, Winnifred E. McKay, E. G. King, Alex. McTavish; Mrs. A. T. Dalzell and H. D. Cushing, De Winton; D. P. McNabb, Mrs. D. P. McNabb, J. B. Turner; J. J. Wilson, Maple Creek; Mrs. J. J. Wilson, Maple Creek; J. J. Clamp, Norman Lamb, Rev. Roy C. Taylor; Wm. Murdoch and Geo. J. Murdoch, Crossfield; G. Gough, Okotoks; V. Marshall, De Winton; D. L. McDougall, Miss L. E. McDougall, G. M. McDougall, Thos. Copeland, Robt. Burden, Thos. Scott, T. P. Edworthy, Geo. Edworthy; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Grayson, Cochrane; Mrs. C. L. Lewis, Vancouver; Mrs. C. Houston, Miss M. Richardson; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hogge, Okotoks; Mrs. Harold Banister, Okotoks; Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Stewart, Gladys; Mrs. Eric Davis, Mrs. J. F. Price; Geo. C. S. Paterson, Okotoks; Mrs. A. Traunweiser, Dr. J. D. and Mrs. Lauder; Geo. E. Bryan and Mrs. Geo. E. Bryan, Innisfail; Mrs. E. B. Nowers, Geo. Hope Johnston, Mrs. Stewart Moore, J. L. H. Johnston, Mrs. S. E. Lancefield, T. Rankine; Mrs. D. Suitor, De Winton; Mrs. L. Henderson, Mr. J. Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Struthers, F. W. Ings, F. E. King, W. A. Brown, M. S. G. Brown, Mrs. J. A. Wilson, Mr. R. W. Begley, Mrs. R. W. Begley, A. Woncott, Mrs. D. Woncott, Mrs. Geo. Phipps, Owen Cotton, Catharine Ann Stirrett, Mary Elizabeth McLeod, Birdie Harris, Francis Pearce, Mrs. Douglas Beveridge, Mrs. L. M. Macfarland, Mrs. M. Harris, Mrs. D. M. Calder, D. M. Calder; Miss Jean Bremner, De Winton; Mrs. C. Burke, Nanton; Mrs. C. Shafer; Mrs. A. P. Bremner, De Winton; Mrs. A. P. Bremner, De Winton; Mrs. J. W. Fleming; Mrs. A. McRae, Okotoks; Mrs. Alex. N. Allan, Okotoks; C. H. Holbeach, Mrs. A. J. MacMillan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kenny, George Wells, Mr. F. E. Eckersley, Mrs. Skene Graham, Mr. J. E. Graham, Mrs. Wm. Robertson, Wm. Robertson, Major Duncan Stuart, Mrs. J. J. McHugh, F. J. Gough, Mrs. G. C. Scott, Mrs. James Grant, Miss Margaret Copithorne, J. W. Copithorne, Richard Copithorne, Claude Copithorne, Percy Copithorne, W. Ellis, Alfred B. Rogers; Mrs. White Blankett, High River; Mrs. Croppie, Okotoks; Mr. W. Banister, Midnapore; Fred M. George, Eben B. Bremner, Sid. Aird; John McNeill, De Winton; Geo. Moss, Mossleigh; E. A. Wyndham, Carseland; A. R. McTavish, Jr.; Harold Bailey, E. Doughty, T. F. English, W. R. Wright, F. H. Brown, Theo. Strom, Albert E. Rouleau, Chas. J. Rouleau, Ed. F. McKevitt, G. E. Sanders, James Short; Jas. G. Bews, High River; Mrs. Jas. G. Bews, High River; Isaac Ellwood, E. G. Greer, Ed. Waines; D. E. Riley, High River; Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Wallace, High River; Mrs. D. E. Riley, W. Hinde, A. D. Fidler, Harry W. Bright; J. Angus Robertson, Crossfield; Fred Taylor, Cochrane; W. Bauncrman and wife, John O. McHugh, H. G. Kennedy, D. M. Kitson, Mrs. J. D. Wright, Mr. J. H. Galloway, Frank H. Galloway, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Lawless, Miss Bessie Paterson, Mr. G. W. Armitley, R. McLaren, W. J. McLaren, Edmund Taylor, P. Turner Bone, James Short, H. D. Talbot; E. H. McFeall, J. H. Turner, Mrs. J. H. Turner, Mrs. Carl Sorenson, Geo. R. Turnbull, Geo. Hunter; W. H. McCardell, Coalspur; J. H. Black, W. M. Parsley, Marjorie Parsley, Ethel M. McNeill, J. C. Parsley, Magnus Brown, Mrs. Swan, Mrs. M. Brown, Mrs. W. A. Costello; E. E. Lewis, Balzac; V. C. Lewis, Beddington; Ed. J. Fletcher, Airdrie; Bert Clayton, Airdrie; Mr. and Mrs. D. J. McKinnon, Bassano; J. A. McKinnon, Dalemead; Jessie McKinnon, E. A. Shelley; C. H. McKinnon, Delmead; Jos. E. Shaw, L. Frederick Mayhood, C. J. Duggan, A. A. Dick, R. Bradley, Miss Myrtle Jones, Mr. Clifford Jones, Mr. W. Grant Mackay, Mr. J. Grant Mackay, Mrs. J. A. Nolan, Miss Kathleen Nolan, Miss Lillian Nolan, Lieut.-Col. W. A. Lyndon, Mrs. W. A. Lyndon, Jessie M. Lyndon, Maude Bannister, Ethel Bannister, T. W. Bannister, Mrs. T. W. Bannister; J. C. Warren, Nanton; W. N. Gibson, P. J. Breen, A. C. Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. John Lee Johnston, Mrs. G. C. King, Mrs. Louise Yerxa; Richard Secord, Edmonton; W. C. Claxton, David Anderson; Mr. and Mrs. M. Muir, Medicine Hat; Grace Muir, Prince Therrault; Mrs. Dolphis Cyr, Pincher Creek; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. H. Parlby, G. W. Henderson, Mrs. G. W. Henderson; J. W. Fletcher, Airdrie; Mrs. J. W. Fletcher, Airdrie; Mr. C. M. McDonald, Miss Mabel McDonald, J. J. McHugh; Mrs. Ed. McBride, Benalto; Mr. Louis Petrie, J. Ivan Linton, Mrs. M. B. Worden, Miss Lavinia Begg, Mr. G. A. Begg, Mr. R. A. Begg; Miss Vidonica Dowling, Midnapore; Mrs. D. P. Moodie, Thomas F. Dowling, Mrs. J. E. Kavanaugh, Mrs. J. S. Law, R. Dixon, Cochrane; R. Walsh, Crossfield; A. H. Lynch-Staunton, Pincher Creek.

GEORGE C. KING NEW PRESIDENT OF OLD-TIMERS

Various Amendments to the Constitution Are Suggested At Annual Meeting

SILENT TRIBUTE TO NUMBER PASSED ON

Notice of Motion to Advance Time for Admission to Membership

George C. King, the first member of the Northwest Mounted Police to reach Calgary, was chosen at the annual meeting of the Southern Alberta Pioneers and Old-Timers' Association to preside over their association for the next twelve months, when they met at the Memorial hall of the Canadian Legion, Thursday afternoon. He succeeds Col. James Walker, who becomes one of the honorary presidents.

Mayor Osborne, in a short speech, welcomed the out-of-town members and brought greetings to those who reside in the city. A telegram from Bill Marshall, first president of the Rotary Club in Calgary, was read by Mayor Osborne. Mr. Marshall said that there was no place in the world he would sooner be that day than in Calgary attending the reunion of the old-timers.

Is Great Compliment

Mr. Osborne quoted from a speech delivered by C. O. Smith, newly elected president of the Calgary Board of Trade, when he was addressing the Vancouver Board of Trade, in which Mr. Smith had lauded the character and conduct of the pioneers of the prairie. The speaker said this was a great compliment to the character of the men who had inspired a comparatively newcomer like Mr. Smith to say such things of them. "Imitation is the most serious form of flattery," said the speaker, and continued, "We want to go forward in the manner that you have set the example. I hope that you will have one of the best days in your existence today and that many mayors of Calgary will have the opportunity of welcoming the old-timers to Calgary.

President Walker made a brief speech, in which he spoke of the pleasure of welcoming his old friends and voiced the regrets of all in the absence of those who have passed on during the year.

Regrets Expressed

Regrets were received from the following who were unable to be present: Bishop Pinkham, P. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Glanville of Leduc, F. W. Godsall of Victoria, B.C.; Mrs. W. D. Lineham for her husband who is sick in Okotoks, W. J. Butterill of Red Deer, Hon. Chas. Stewart, Ottawa, and Rufus Kimpton, who is at Rochester for treatment.

R. C. Thomas spoke in favor of making the tenure of the president two years, after which he would automatically become and remain for life honorary president. But as this involved an amendment of the constitution, nothing was done this year.

Have Net Balance

The secretary-treasurer, Harold W. Riley, reported a total income of $2,149 and after all bills had been met a balance on hand of $311, which was the largest balance in the history of the association.

R. C. Thomas spoke of the great amount of time and energy given freely by the secretary and suggested that inasmuch as the old-timers could not pay him what he was worth, Mr. Riley be granted an honorarium of $150. This was agreed upon, although some speakers thought the amount should be $300. A motion to increase the membership fee from $2 per year to $3 was defeated.

The secretary in his annual address read a list of 19 men and 10 women members who had passed on during the year and the audience stood in their honor and memory while the names were read. He also paid a high tribute to those members who had given much time during the year in visiting the sick and caring for them. The report was accepted and three cheers given for the secretary.

Notices of Motion

James Smart gave notice of motion that at the next annual gathering he would bring in a motion substituting the year 1895 for that of 1890 as the time when a person needed to have lived in Alberta in order to become eligible for membership. A second notice of motion was given by Harold Bannerman, moving an amendment that the year be put forward one year annually until further changed. That is, that it would begin 1891 and the following year be advanced to 1892 and so on automatically each year.

It was decided to admit the wives of the old-timers, who could not themselves qualify for membership, to the social gatherings.

The annual election of officers resulted in the following choices: President, G. C. King; first vice-president, Dr. M. C. Costello; second vice-president, Fred Graham; third vice-president, J. J. McHugh; secretary-treasurer, Harold W. Riley; chaplain, Archdeacon Tims; physician, Dr. Fred Mayhood; executive committee, Captain James Smart, R. J. Hutchings, P. Turner Bone, R. C. Thomas, A. McKay, Harold Bannerman of Okotoks, W. J. Botterill of Red Deer, S. A. Gough of Okotoks, A. L. Findlay, Frank Sibbald of Banff, R. A. Wallace of High River, Col. Geo. Sanders, Harry Nolan and Harry Briden, mayor of Bassano.

For the entertainment of fistic fans in the United States more than 1,000 prpfessional boxing matches are held each month.

John Blue Dies; Was Widely Known

(Continued from Page 1)

ried to Gertrude Irene Cooper, of Toronto, in 1911. Before being appointed provincial librarian, Mr Blue was a reporter with the Edmonton Bulletin for two years.

During the First Great War, he was organizing secretary for the Canadian Patriotic fund for Northern Alberta.

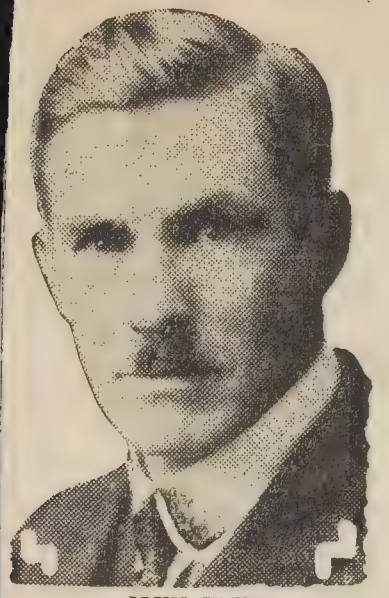
He was a member of the Presbyterian church and also of the Edmonton Masonic lodge, No. 14. His main recreation was golf and he was a member of the Mayfair club for many years. His other recreations included fishing and hunting.

In 1924 he wrote "The History of Alberta," a publication which was well received in western Canada. In later years, he contributed many articles to trade and financial journals in the west.

Surviving are his widow and two sons, Frank, overseas with the Canadian armed forces, and Flt. Lt. Hugh Blue, of the R.C.A.F.. Another son, Eric, was drowned in the spring of 1945 while serving with the R.C.N.V.R.

Funeral service will be held Saturday afternoon from Howard and McBride's chapel.

James Walker, president, Edmonton Chamber of Commerce, said Wednesday: The members of the Edmonton Chamber of Commerce profoundly regret the passing of John Blue. For over 20 years he performed his duties as executive-secretary with efficiency and zeal, his services were terminated four years ago on account of ill health. Possessed of vision and great enthusiasm for the future of Edmonton, in which he had unbounded faith, he assiduously devoted himself to the development of the business and civic life of the community at all times. His horizon, however, was not circumscribed by city and provincial boundaries. He was a patriot first. Canada and the British Empire meant much to him, and in his knowledge of Canadian and Empire affairs he had few equals. His devotion to his country was an inspiration to all. He will long be remembered by his friends and associates with admiration and respect. To his widow and family we extend our deepest respect.



JOHN BLUE

John Blue Dies; Was Widely Known

Secretary of the Edmonton Chamber of Commerce from 1921 until 1941, John Blue, 70, died at his home, 14322 100 ave., about 4:30 a.m. Wednesday. Death was due to a heart condition. He had been in ill health for about two months and was in hospital several weeks ago.

A resident of Edmonton since 1906, Mr. Blue was well-known in Alberta and took an active interest in provincial and civic affairs. He was provincial librarian from 1908 until 1921.

Born in Chesley, Ont., in April, 1875, of Scottish parentage, he spent his early life on the farm. His father was a building contractor who went into farming as a sideline. Mr. Blue attended public school in the township of Elderslie and later entered high school at Walkerton.

He received his matriculation at the Owen Sound collegiate institute. He taught school for six years near Toronto and then entered the University of Toronto, graduating in 1906 with first class honors.

He moved to western Canada, settling in Edmonton in 1906 and two years later accepted the post of provincial librarian. He was mar-

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CELEBRATES CENTURY

Andrew Sibbald, of Banff, Alberta's oldest pioneer and first school teacher, will celebrate his 100th birthday among his relatives at Banff, on Sunday. He has lived a long and useful life, but it was thought during the past summer that he would not witness his century. He overcame sickness, however, and is now greeted as one of the few centenarians in the province.

First Alberta School Teacher, Andrew Sibbald, 100 Years Old

Andrew Sibbald, of Banff, Alberta's oldest pioneer, has lived to see his century, and on Sunday will celebrate his 100th anniversary, although his frail body is fast feeling the effects of great age. During the past summer it was feared he would not live to witness his century, and at one time he sank so low that his relatives were called to his bedside. The will to live, however, beat back death for a time.

Mr. Sibbald has lived in the reigns of four monarchs. He was Alberta's first school teacher and built the first schoolhouse in the province. With very little assistance he built it with lumber made from trees he felled and hauled to the site himself where it served its purpose for years on the Morley Indian reserve.

In 1875 he came west to take his place among the pioneers in Alberta at the persuasion of Rev. George McDougall, pioneer Methodist missionary. He is now residing with members of his family at Banff, in the Rockies, where he has spent most of his life.

BARRHEAD LEADER
Printers and Publishers
A strictly independent weekly newspaper published every Thursday at Barrhead, Alberta by,
Larkins & Son
Subscription Rates:
In Canada, for one year.....$1.50
In United States, for one year....$2.00
Advertising Rates:
Legal Advertising, first insertion 15 cents per line, subsequent insertions 12 cents. Transient display 50 cents per inch; Contract Display Rates on application. Classified Advertising 5 cents per word first insertion; subsequent insertions 2 cents per word. Minimum 50 cents

MORE ABOUT
Good Old Daze

(Continued from Page 1)

ics by saying: "'Hell, if he can't pay our price, then damn it, we will do it for nothing". Believe it or not, there are people like that!

The weather was ideal and we thresh ed every day without much happening out of the ordinary, until we hi the Paddle River, where at a job we broke the crankshaft of the engine. which was a Judsen: make and break ignition system, which, incidentally, was more of a break than a make. A this job much comment was engendered by the fact that much of the bundles were tied with store cord, pieces of rag, snare cord, bits of unravelled rope and even some with fine wire. Some of the boys insisted on seeing the binder that was so versitile, but they were soon set right that no binder had as yet been invented to do such a job. This farmer had cut his grain with a mower and then had his wife gather up the grain and tie it in bundles with whatever she could find. Economic conditions did not permit the purchase of binder twine.

As we journeyed on with our outfit we were ever meeting people with different viewpoints as were pertaining to religion, current politics and men who had weird ideas of many things. We even threshed for a man who was in almost daily contact with the dead, so he said. He was a spiritualist and could go under control any time. I stayed with him one night but nothing happened. I gues I even frightened the devil, for it seems to be he who impersonates the dead. We threshed up through Lawton, Paddle River, Old Barrhead, where we broke the crankshaft again, and where Thompson came on and Andries left ff and we changed our bill-headings Eventually we arrived in the Mellowdale district, where the division of the people was so keen that only Liberals would have us thresh. This was all O.K. for us. as the majority were of that political faith. Politics was so hot in this district that our threshing rig was called a Political Machine. On one job a Conservative, who got stuck for a machine, hired us. After supper, when we would light up the pipes and delight in listening to the old timers tell of their past experiences, ordinarily politics being to the front but this time there seemed to be a truce, and what tales we heard when such men as H. D. Burch let loose. I remember he was telling, with much gusto, about how they used to craddle grain when he was a youth; of how soft the then generation was. He was going to great heights when a German, one Chris Apple, who had no doubt cradled more grain than Burch had seen, leaned over and said to me in a voice that could be heard above Burch's "by golly, I likes to see the binder work"

Over on Shoal Lake we threshed for such men as Bill Milligan, ShortyGarret, Olie Holmes, Pete Ronaasen, Swanson, Ernest Duke, and others that have slipped my memory. While here an interesting incident occured. The Milligans, who had a large house ,was our stopping place for some time, as the Mrs. also cooked for many of the bachlors around. A neighbor woman who lived about a mile away and whose husband had left her, was helping in the house. When night time came she would have to go home as she had many chores to do. Since she had been kind enough to help them, Mr. Milligan offered to go with her to help her do her evening work. The next morning we were awakened by a deafening racket in the kitchen as the Mrs. was slamming pots and pans and dishes about recklessly. She was greatly upset, for it seemed that Bill, to be handy the next morning to help with the ladies' chores had, well, just stayed all night. At about this time Mr. Texas Johnson, who passed on some years ago, came along and asked as to how long we would be getting to his place. After some calculation he was informed that we would be there in three days. With this enlightening information he said: "hell, I've got to get out and get a moose or we won't have meat for threshing" Well, we arrived on schedule and so did Tex, for when dinner time came we had our moose roast. Having wound up the threshing in this district we made our longest move of the season, That is, to Holmes Crossing, where we threshed for Mr .Ollie Lee, now of Mellowdale. The farther we went into the hinterland the more hospitable the people seemed to be and when the threshing at the Crossing was finished they wound it up with a dance at the Lee home. Then we crossed the Athabasca river on the ice and on to the Assiniboine flats. Here we threshed for the Stewarts, whose pastries at meal-time were made of bear fat an most delicious indeed. Then to th Walsh farm, where cut glass and te guest table linens were in use a and where we showed Mrs. Walsh h dirty a threshing crew, covered w smut, could make them. Then to W ter Thompson's, who had Don Phil building him a large log barn and ed. was doing a real job of it. But ve joy of life had gone from Walter nat he was in the throes of a throbb toothache. He raved about the sis far about the place who were afraid to igh it for him, when Frank Thomp the the thresher, spoke up and inform him that he would get his pliers a try to yank it out. Whereupon Wa to replied that pliers be damned, he lur a set of dental forceps and woer, Frank hurry and get it out, as it vor driving him nuts. "Dentist" Thom he son did not tell him to come back no week at three o'clock just to show h professionaly exclusiveness. He we most direct, though a bit crude. Ls had not learned the finesse of the ar he so he had Walter lay flat on his bac on the kitchen floor, then he straddle him on his knees and with the forcept in his right hand he took a good hol of Walter's fortop, to hold him down got the forceps fastened to the aching took and gave one heck of a yank. Walter made a noise which did not sound ilke a prayer, while Frank held up the implement to show all that he had successfully performed the job. In a day or two we were finished here and we moved over to Bill Coombs', where, between snow storms, we threshed and finally Coombs ran out of food. While waiting for the weather to settle Bill went hunting and we ground wheat in the coffee mill for Mrs. Coombs to make wheat muffins, which were very tasty. While at this place the Christmas holiday was drawing near, so this scribe, having had all the threshing he wanted for one season, decided to quit, although there was the Topland district to do. So I bid adieu to the Fort and made tracks for home.

I don't know whether this was a record threshing run or not. One queer thing stands out in my memory and that was that in the older settled districts, where the fields were large and the threshing jobs were of some volume, there seemed to be no cash as nearly all payments were made by note; while back in the bush, where only homesteads prevailed and a man had but little credit, the payments were mostly cash. It was a lesson in economics. It seemed to boil down to: the more a man owned the poorer he was—if you get what I mean.

Old Timer

Country Newspaper

The Flare, Black Diamond
November 26, 1943

LIFE WAS NEVER DULL

True Experiences of A Country Newspaper Man

by Barney Halpin

One event that is unique in the annals of weekly newspapers in Alberta, occured in 1921 when I went west to Rimbey and established the first paper of my own.

At that time the districts west of Bentley, were beginning to fill up, and Rimbey about thirty-six miles west of Lacombe was the centre of a young and thriving farm community, and settlers were coming in in great numbers to take up homesteads farther north and west, at Nugent, Lavesta, Buck Lake and surrounding areas. It looked like a good bet, and was one, at least up to the time the railway build into the district.

To fully understand what follows, one must bear in mind, that the village of Rimbey is situated on the top of a hill, the grade on every side being too steep for a railroad to navigate. The town, however, was well established, and some good businesses were to be found there. As the publisher of the local newspaper "The Pioneer" I was quite satisfied with the location of the town, and was well liked by the populace. But this was suddenly changed.

When the railway built in from Bentley, it was found that the grade was too steep for the rails to reach the town and so the station was established at the foot of the hill to the east, some mile from the town. When it was seen that there was no hope of getting the railway into the village, a real estate company bought up the property surrounding the depot and surveyed it as a new townsite. The real estate firm, had offices in the village, and came to me to place and advertisement in my paper. As at this time, his advertisement had not mentioned the new townsite, I felt secure in publishing it. However, certain persons in town had different ideas, and one woman, who we will call Mrs. Fizzle, (her name is something like that), who was proprietor of the local furniture store, came to me and told me that, unless I discontinued the McGillivray Real Estate ad. I could discontinue hers. This was a dare, and never being able to resist a dare, I told her she would get my answer in my next issue. My next issue came out with the real estate ad. still running and, to add insult to injury, in the space formerly taken by the hardware store, I carried one from a hardware store in Lacombe. This did not please the old lady.

I happened to go into Lacombe that weekend, and when on Monday morning I arrived back in Rimbey, I found everybody I met rather quiet without the usual friendly greetings for me. I thought at first that some leading citizen must have died. But as I continued my walk down the street I began to meet with natives who were right down cold towards me. I buttonholed a friend, and asked him what the gloom was all about and was informed that Mrs. Fizzle was circulating a petition against me, on which was stated that, the undersigned business places and individuals would not support a newspaper that did not support the town. I resented this implication, as anything I had done was in line with business ethics, and I had always given my whole-hearted support to every local enterprise. So I started to circulate a counter petition, and got most of the names on mine she had on hers, The matter seemed to be dead-locked.

Next week the real estate agent came to me with the copy for a "full page advertisement". advertising "Lots For Sale in the New Townsite." Although I hesitated, I did not like to turn down the money, so I accepted it. In the next issue the large display was run, at the same time I wrote in my editorial columns that I did not endorse the views of certain advertisers and, that I did not expect nor hope the town would move to the station, but that my business was to sell advertising and that I could not be expected to turn down a substantial sum of money.

Most of the business people saw my point of view, and remained with me. But, during the next few days I received many threats of violence and even though I did not believe those threatening me would do anything rash, I took the precaution to telephone the Mounted Police at Lacombe, which was the closest detachment to Rimbey at that time. I told them to be ready to come to Rimbey in a hurry if the need arose.

I was staying at the Windsor Hotel at the time, and on Sunday morning I was awakened by the proprietor at daybreak. He told me that my office was entered during the night and my machinery and equipment was smashed up, and that the real estate office was also wrecked. I got up and dressed, then went over to my shop. Everything was in a mess. My press had been attacked with a sledge hammer, my type was strewn all over the floor and on the ground outside, my windows were broken, the telephone had been ripped from the wall and lay in the street, papers bills and checks littered the lot. Down the street, the desks, filing cabinets and chairs of the real estate office were in the mud of the street, and checks and papers were blowing around the main drag. I got my camera and took pictures of the wreckage at both places, gathered up what checks and papers I could, and phoned the police.

I had a very good idea who was behind the deed, and told the policeman of my suspicions upon his arrival. But no headway could be made, as it was apparent that the culprits had been well coached in their parts. As nearly everyone in the town were related to each other at that time it was nearly impossible to get anyone to talk A reward was offered, with the result that we learned of a drinking party Saturday night at which some

that we could not get enough evidence against Mrs. Fizzie to warrant her arrest, as I believed her to be the ringleader, but her partner and one of her employees were among those arrested.

In our search for evidence I entered the hardware store to talk to one of the clerks. As soon as I crossed the threshold, Mrs. Fizzle, who was a big, stout woman, hollered "Get out!" I had no intention of doing so, and told her that, as this was a place of business and I was doing nothing wrong, I had every right to enter the store, and that I wanted to talk to her clerk. She again ordered me out , and I kept on coming toward the clerk. With a cry like an angry bull the Amazon advanced towards me, picking up a neck yoke as she charged..seeing the wild look in her eye, and remembering there is no fury like a woman scorned, I bethought I'd rather be a live coward than a dead hero, so I got out.

After a preliminary hearing the five were let out on bail to await trial, which was to be held in March.

Winter was at this time in full swing, and a blizzard had been raging for some time. All roads were blocked and even the mail stage couldn't get through. Trains on the newly constructed railway could navigate no farther than Bentley. I was stranded among hostile people, and threats were made against me from all sides. When a speeder managed to get through with the mail, after a five day tie-up, I obtained permission to go in on it to Lacombe.

At the trial the five men pleaded guilty and were each fined fifty dollars and costs. As for myself I got a judgement which I never collected. I charged it up to experience. Retribution followed the perpetrators of the crime, for it was not long afterwards that all of them went broke. I left the nnwspaper game for a while and opened a job shop in Lacombe. This was only a stop-gap however and before long I was back at newspaper work, and back with "Joe" on his investigations, more of which I will recount in subsequent issues.

This is the sixth in a series of True Experiences of A Country Newspaper Man. Names used in this series are factual, except in cases where such use would embarrass innocent persons, or would be resented by the person or his relatives. The "Joe" used in many of these stories designates R.C.M.P. Const. Joe Collett, later Corp. Collett.

Next week our story will be "THE GRAVE ABOVE THE RIVER".

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The Good Old Daze

Back in that early period of the settlement of this district the time came around for the threshing of the somewhat meager crop that prevailed as each settler had but a few acres under plow. The threshing machines of that day were not so elaborate as the ones now in use; they had no self feeders or wind stackers. They had to be fed by hand and the feeder had to watch his feeding so as to maintain a steady speed of the machine so that a good job might be done and then, too, he had to watch the band cutter, usually a boy, so that he wouldn't get slashed by the sharp band knife. The straw fell out the rear of the separator onto the straw rakes which raked or dragged it up an incline to the top of the straw pile where it was taken care of by the men usually designated for that job, who were generally useless anywhere else. In the caste of threshing, the ones on the strawpile, although higher up so far as altitude was concerned, were the lowest as to required ability, but this has nothing to do with our story.

The particular outfit that I intended to have for my job at the time was up in the Campsie district and as I thought they must be about finished there I decided to go up and find out about the date they would be at my place. Shanks ponies being faster than oxen I decided to walk and so shortly after dinner I set out to walk the 13 or 14 miles to that place.

I hiked along with the road entirely to myself. It was a long tiresome trip, the only break in the monotony being the viewing of the difference in the signs of the intensity of a previous hail storm that had passed through the country and had left scars on the poplar trees in pock marks like dents on the side of the trees from which it came.

At last I found the outfit working on Dad Thompson's place. They were threshing at stacks and the help was mostly negroes as there were quite a number of these folk living in that neighborhood at the time. They were distributed about the stacks where they were needed and it was truly a picturesque scene, everyone working in unison to keep the bundles to the feeder's table. The engine, a portable steamer, was chugging along evenly, so much so that one had to look sharp to discern whether the main belt was in motion or not, while the rythmic hum of the separator set up a sort of

(Continued on Page 4)

Yet can one deny that a [illegible] arises in our minds, expressed perhaps for most of us in the hymn "It came upon the midnight clear."

"Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man at war with man hears not
The words of peace they bring:
O listen now, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing."

Ones hopes that people are grow-

Good Old Daze

(Continued from Page 1)

music which was soon reflected in the crew by the fact that these colored men began to sing or chant an old plantation melody in time with the vibration of the machine.

Such a scene would not soon be forgotten as it was a perfect picture of country contentment and well being for here the neighbors had gathered to help in the final phase in the garnering of the year's yield and they were happy to the extent that they were making music about it.

One of the elderly gentlemen present, who was entertaining as well as working, had been born a slave, which on sober thought removes some of the glamor of some good old days.

The scene as noted in the foregoing continued for some time until the feeder let a damp or tough bundle get away from him and then in an instant the whole scene changed from a melodious co-ordinating picture to one of violent noise and chaos. With the sudden slackening of speed the governor on the engine released the valve and a greater volume of steam poured into the cylinder, then there was a noisy chugging of the engine as it tried to regain the lost speed and a violent slapping of the main belt as it reciprocated up and down, thrown all out of rhythm by the sudden strain put upon it. At this juncture I witnessed my first bit of jazz long before it became so popular in these parts. A young negro lad with his ragged hat at an outlandish angle on his coconut-shaped head (a veritable human cartoon to the eye) jabbed his fork in the stack and hopped around on one foot, alternately slapping his palms together, much after the way the belt was doing, and against his thighs in unison with the deafening racket that was taking place about him. He was the centre of attraction and had the attention of the whole crew and was stopped only when the machine regained its steady hum and the feeder yelled to come on with the bundles.

Shades of evening soon put an end to the enchanting scene and then we the entire company, crew, neighbors and visitors, sat down to a board loaded with good things to eat which had been prepared by the women folk. All rules of good health and stretching capacity of abdominal hide were violated and one regrets that we are unable anymore to repeat the performance without sharp and painful repercussions. But 'tis said "all good things must end" and so it was. Although supper was the crowning climax of the day it was not the end of everything for after the meal the men repaired to a corner of the house away from the women who were eating theirs and clearing up after the wreck and then with lighted pipes going they would tell tall tales for us young ones to absorb and for others to challenge as there always seemed to be some one who had a bigger and better one to tell.

The crew who went with the machine were the late Mr. Farquahar Grant Engineer who was soft spoken to the extent that it was difficult to understand him unless some bumpkin was so rash as to try to tell him how to run his engine. Then I can assure you that one needed no ear trumpet to hear what he had to say Then there was the late Mr. Steve White who was separator man and Mr. Hugh Critchlow, now of Edmonton, and Mr. Mac Scheidt, now of Vancouver, who hauled water for the engine and was called the water monkey. These men were of more than passing interest as they travelled with the machine about the country and picked up the gossip and carried it on and on.

Someone had told a pretty good bear story to start the evening off when Mr. Steve White, feeling his prestige slipping as a story teller, came back with "Well, sir, I rode on a bear's back for about fifty feet once."

This startling statement brought, instantly, from Mac Scheidt, who had a knack of always saying the wrong thing in the right place or the right thing in the wrong place. "Did you have a saddle on him?" This question had the effect about like gasoline tossed on a fire for it irked Steve greatly to have anyone cast doubt on his word. So he flared back "No! but I had an axe sunk into him up to the haft." and then having silenced Mac he proceeded to regale us with an interesting tale of his encounter with a bear while working in the timber without a gun at hand.

A few more yarns were told and then to bed where all were soon sound asleep, a thing aided and abetted by arduous labor of the day. We had just got to sleep, so it seemed, when all were awakened by the scream of the engine whistle. It was yet quite dark but Mr. Grant had been up and out at the machine for over an hour, getting up steam and the whistle was to inform the teamsters to feed and harness their teams. It was a terrible hour for any one to have to leave his bed and we decided then and there to never be an engineer.

Some time the next day, the outfit finished the job and moved over to Mr. Courtney Walker's place and as a visitor I happened along at about supper time as I was good at visiting and knew all the little details of this visiting idea (had I went as a hand, they, knowing me, would have stuck me on the straw pile) so I stayed with visiting, for really its not a bad habit.

Expressing the time honored southern hospitality, I was invited to set in and may I live to be a hundred, I'll never forget that feast. Potatoes carrot, beans, beets, pudding, pie and chicken by their names convey not the remotest description of the savory delectable viands that were put before us.

It seems that Mrs. Walker had learned to cook in the deep south where cooking was considered a sublime art, an effort of which one put their whole soul into. Not the tedious chore which so many women make of cooking nowadays. It appears that one to be a good cook must know more than just how to use a can opener.

We ate to capacity with more and more food being pressed upon us and it then dawned upon us the reason that the clergy were never able to do much in that part of the country. For who in his right mind would want to go to heaven or anywhere else when such heavenly ambrosia was set before him on this mundane sphere.

This was one phase of the good old days that memory persistently clings to and it is to be regretted that more housewives have not learned that sublime art of southern cookery.

—Old Timer

[illegible] and Hon. Lucien Maynard, a ranker in the artillery.

Pioneer Dies

W. H. SHEPPARD

Here 50 Years

W. H. Sheppard, Pioneer City Resident, Dies

Resident of this city for more than 50 years and one of the earliest and most widely-known business men in Alberta, W. H. Sheppard, honorary vice-president of Sicks' Breweries, Ltd., died in his sleep of a heart attack on Thursday night. He was 83 years old. He had been at his office on Thursday, apparently in the best of health. Up until the time he retired there had been no indication of illness overcoming him.

Coming here in 1894, Mr. Sheppard first entered the hotel business. Then he became identified with the brewing industry with which he was closely and prominently identified for the remainder of his life.

Mr. Sheppard came to Edmonton in 1894 and entered the hotel business in Strathcona. He operated the old Raymond hotel there for several years before acquiring the Strathcona hotel. He then acquired an interest in a small brewery on the South Side and in 1904 founded the Edmonton Brewery, on Ross Flats. In 1913 he built the present Edmonton Brewery which was later taken over by the Sicks' Breweries Limited in 1928.

RETIRED IN 1937

Mr. Sheppard was manager of this plant until 1937 when he retired from active business. He was then elected to the board of directors of Sicks' Breweries Limited as vice-president. He retired from the directorate on Jan. 1 this year

Continued on Page 2, Col. 1

W. H. Sheppard, Pioneer City Resident, Dies

Continued from Page One

being elected an honorary vice-president of the organization.

Mr. Sheppard came west with the steel from Newmarket, Ont., where he was born in 1862. He operated a hotel at Macleod, Alberta, was in the contracting business at Banff and then went further west when the Canadian Pacific Railway crossed the Rockies.

He was with the paymasters department on the railway. He went with the steel by pack horse and was at Craigellachie, B.C., on Nov. 7, 1885, when Lord Strathcona drove the golden spike signifying the complete linking of the Dominion by rail.

He was married at Canmore, Alberta, to Miss Elsie (Annie) Lowe.

He was a member of Holy Trinity church and was a strong supporter of all civic community enterprises.

VARIED INTERESTS

He was a charter member of Strathcona Curling Club and was a member of the Edmonton and Northern Alberta Pioneers and Old Timers Association. He was also an honorary member of the Canadian Manufacturers Association of which organization he was one of the oldest members.

His main recreation centred around curling and game bird hunting. Only this fall he made several trips to his favorite duck hunting grounds with parties of his friends. He had always led an active life and right up to the time of his death had retained his interest in his many and diversified activities.

Surviving are Mrs. Sheppard and seven children, five daughters and two sons. They are Mrs. George Oldrey, Mrs. Ralph Trouth, Mrs. W. A. Rogers and Thomas, all of Edmonton; and Mrs. R. Corey and Mrs. J. Nitzer, both of Riverside, Calif., and FO. Harry Sheppard, who is stationed at Watson Lake with the RCAF.

Funeral arrangements, which are being made by Hainstock & Son, will be announced later.

Edmonton
Y 10, 1945 Bulletin, May 10, 1945

Known in City, West Old-Timer, Ex-MLA Is Dead

Prominent old timer and a resident of Wetaskiwin for many years, Anthony S. de Rosenroll died in a Moose hospital Tuesday after a brief illness. He was in his 88th year.

He came to Canada in 1892. Born in Castellemare, Southern Italy, he received his early education there and was graduated from the University of Naples as a civil engineer and land surveyor. He spent some years in Australia and New Zealand before coming to Canada.

In 1896 he came west and settled in Wetaskiwin.

IN ASSEMBLY

A prominent cattleman and rancher, he was elected to the Legislative Assembly of the North West Territories by acclamation in 1898. Re-elected in 1902 he served until the Province of Alberta was formed in 1905, and he became a member of the Alberta Legislature. Mr. Rosenroll retired from the Alberta Legislature in 1909. He has been a justice of the Peace since 1898 and a notary public since 1897.

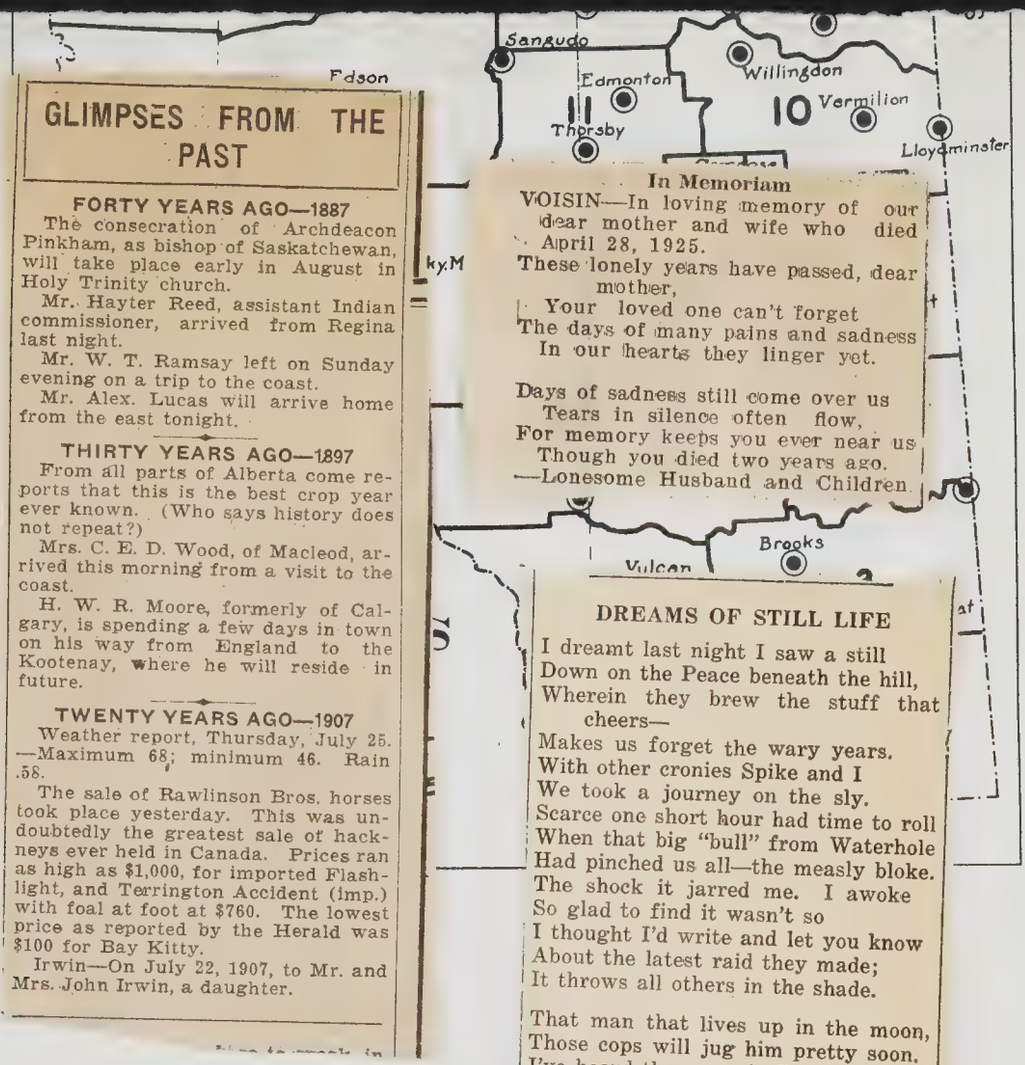
Mr. Rosenroll founded a number of Wetaskiwin businesses, among them the Wetaskiwin Creamery in 1896, the Rosenroll Lumber Company on the site of the Imperial Lumber Company in 1897. He was also interested in mining and real estate business.

Mr. Rosenroll was instrumental in obtaining the city charter for Wetaskiwin and also secured for that city the location of the court house. He donated the cemetery to Wetaskiwin.

He was a charter member of the Wetaskiwin Lodge AF & AM, and also a life member of Kiwanis club for more than 20 years; he also belonged to the Rotary club of Moose Jaw.

Surviving are two sons, Arthur of Moose Jaw and Edgar of Wetaskiwin; seven grandsons, two granddaughters and great-grandchild.

A funeral service will be held in the Campbell funeral chapel Saturday at 2 p.m. Burial will be in the family plot.



GLIMPSES FROM THE PAST

FORTY YEARS AGO—1887

The consecration of Archdeacon Pinkham, as bishop of Saskatchewan, will take place early in August in Holy Trinity church.

Mr. Hayter Reed, assistant Indian commissioner, arrived from Regina last night.

Mr. W. T. Ramsay left on Sunday evening on a trip to the coast.

Mr. Alex. Lucas will arrive home from the east tonight.

THIRTY YEARS AGO—1897

From all parts of Alberta come reports that this is the best crop year ever known. (Who says history does not repeat?)

Mrs. C. E. D. Wood, of Macleod, arrived this morning from a visit to the coast.

H. W. R. Moore, formerly of Calgary, is spending a few days in town on his way from England to the Kootenay, where he will reside in future.

TWENTY YEARS AGO—1907

Weather report, Thursday, July 25. —Maximum 68; minimum 46. Rain .58.

The sale of Rawlinson Bros. horses took place yesterday. This was undoubtedly the greatest sale of hackneys ever held in Canada. Prices ran as high as $1,000, for imported Flashlight, and Terrington Accident (imp.) with foal at foot at $760. The lowest price as reported by the Herald was $100 for Bay Kitty.

Irwin—On July 22, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. John Irwin, a daughter.

In Memoriam

VOISIN—In loving memory of our dear mother and wife who died April 28, 1925.

These lonely years have passed, dear mother,
Your loved one can't forget
The days of many pains and sadness
In our hearts they linger yet.

Days of sadness still come over us
Tears in silence often flow,
For memory keeps you ever near us
Though you died two years ago.
—Lonesome Husband and Children.

DREAMS OF STILL LIFE

I dreamt last night I saw a still
Down on the Peace beneath the hill,
Wherein they brew the stuff that cheers—
Makes us forget the wary years.
With other cronies Spike and I
We took a journey on the sly.
Scarce one short hour had time to roll
When that big "bull" from Waterhole
Had pinched us all—the measly bloke.
The shock it jarred me. I awoke
So glad to find it wasn't so
I thought I'd write and let you know
About the latest raid they made;
It throws all others in the shade.

That man that lives up in the moon,
Those cops will jug him pretty soon.
I've heard them say in Waterhole
He was the last upon the roll;
The very last of all that line
That dares to make that old moonshine.
Down here on earth we fear to brew
A mulligan, or French Bourgoo.
One puff of steam around your shack
Will put those coppers on your track;
Bootleggers surely have to fade
When A. P. P.'s are on the raid;
For everyone's a brilliant sleuth
At seeking stills—it's still the truth.

They've captured all the barrels and cans
From Whitford's down to "Old Kyann's"
And now they're off to MacDonnel
To give the poor bootleggrs hell;
No more we'll get our daily snort
Of moonshine, beer or good old port;
They've rung us dry, upon my soul,
As their town well in Waterhole—
Those bulls of ours. I cannot see
Why they are "North of fifty-three".
Our good Kin George would give his crown
To have them back in London town,
Where they could claim there just reward
And join the ranks of Scotland Yard.
Big Bulls, Small Bulls, a toast to thee
In Logies good Blue Ribbon Tea.

By The Vanrena Poet Laureat.

abundance of moisture for the development of the crop, it is apparent that growth is somewhat later than usual, and the length of the season is now the main factor that will determine the yield of this year's crop in Alberta. Except for the area North-West of Edmonton, and the Peace River district, all divisions report from good to ideal moisture conditions. In the West half of the Grande Prairie district yields are likely to be unsatisfactory unless moisture is received immediately. Good general rains throughout the whole area would be most welcome.

The wheat crop is generally strong and heading is reported to be just commencing to 65 per cent. completed. Hail has occurred at several points with damage ranging in extent from 10 to 100 per cent. The largest affected area was that between Olds, Didsbury and Drumheller.

Insect pest damage has been negligible since the last report.

The Live Stock, Dairy and Poultry industries continue to enjoy the progress reported in our last report, and excellent pasture conditions prevail in most sections of the Province.

FIELD CROPS: The wheat crop is making good progress since the weather has become warmer. For the most part growth is vigorous and stands are good. In some districts heading is just starting, but in the Southern districts as much as 65 per cent. is headed, while in the Peace River Block 85 to 100 per cent. has reached the head stage. In spite of the ideal moisture conditions which prevailed during June the cold weather which accompanied the rains has undoubtedly retarded growth, and some fields do not exhibit the development that moisture conditions would seem to warrant. In the Peace River Block only showers have been received during the past two weeks, and additional moisture is urgently required. The West half of the Grande Prairie district is the hardest hit, and wheat in this area is, unfortunately, showing white tips.

Coarse grains are satisfactory. Some early varieties of barley are heading. Oats has stooled well and is making rapid growth. In the Peace River section coarse grains are inclined to be short. Pastures and forage crops are satisfactory, although drought in the early spring has decreased the yield of hay in many cases, particularly the first cutting of Alfalfa. Dry weather is needed for haying in some districts. Insect damage has practically ceased. The cutworm menace in the Peace River area has passed and in the South the vigorous growth of crops has offset any damage caused by grasshoppers. The use of poison bait is continuing, and is being encouraged to further reduce the number of the insects.

Nearly all summerfallowing is completed although in some areas correspondents report that excessive moisture has prevented cultivation of the land.

LIVE STOCK: All reports respecting live stock are bright, and it would appear that stock is making excellent progress. Pasture conditions continue the improvement mentioned in the last report, except in those areas where rainfall has been somewhat lacking. Young stock in particular is making excellent progress.

Noted Landmark Gone

Bar-U Ranch Home Burned

All the trophies in the old Bar U ranch have been saved, The Herald was informed by long distance telephone Monday morning. The manager, Mr. McLaughlan, and the hands, rescued the trophies first at the fire and then gave their attention to getting out household effects.

For a time there was great danger that the other buildings would catch fire, but by untiring efforts the fire-workers were able to keep the flames from spreading.

Mr. P. Burns, owner of the ranch, is expected to arrive there Monday afternoon.

(Special to The Herald)

HIGH RIVER, April 2. — On Sunday morning, April 1, at 11 o'clock, the old Bar U. ranch house, now the property of the P. Burns Company, was completely destroyed by fire. The cause of the fire is unknown.

Mr. McLaughlin, present manager, and his wife, who lived in the ranch house, managed to save some of the effects, but details have not been obtained owing to telephone communication having been cut off by the fire.

Built in 1883

In the loss of this historic building a picturesque landmark is gone. It was built by Mr. Stimson in the fall of 1883. The late George Lane went to work at the Bar U. in the spring of '84. After a number of years, in the course of which he took over the Bar U., he built an addition, and again in 1919 before the visit of the Prince of Wales with Mr. Lane, another modern addition was built. The house was of log throughout.

Pioneer Associations

Inside it was lumber lined, so that a fire once gaining headway would be impossible to control. The house had 10 or 11 rooms, electrically lighted, and with a modern water system. It was, however, stove-heated and it is possible that an overheated pipe might account for the origin of the fire. The charm of the location and the atmosphere of hospitality which has hovered about it through the years have woven round this old building kindly associations which can never be renewed.

J. WALTER INGS, PIONEER, DEAD

Brother of Fred Ings and Dr. George Ings, Alberta Rancher in 1884

J. Walter Ings, one of the earliest cattle men in Alberta, died at La Jolla, California, on Thursday last, at noon, following an operation, aged 72. Mrs. Ings and his daughter, Marjorie, were with him until the end came. The body will be brought to Calgary for interment in the family plot in the Union cemetery, where an infant daughter, and a son, George, who died in 1916, aged 15, are buried. The date of the funeral is not yet known.

Walter Ings came to Calgary, from Charlottetown, P.E.I., in 1884, and joined his brother Fred, who had already established himself with a bunch of cattle, west of High River, on a place bought from Smith & French, pioneers in the district. The partnership continued until 1900, when it was dissolved, Fred going to the Nanton district.

In 1918, Mr. Ings sold his entire holdings on High River to P. Burns consisting of 10,000 acres of deeded land, 8,000 acres of leased land, and from 1,000 to 1,200 head of high grade cattle. He removed to Vancouver, where he, with Mrs. Ings and his daughter, made his home ever since. The family made a yearly winter visit to California, and would have been on the eve of returning, when Mr. Ings was compelled to undergo the operation, from the effects of which he never rallied.

One brother, Dr. George Ings, resides at Fort McMurray. Fred is still ranching near Nanton, and Ernest lives in Vancouver. A sister, Mrs. Crawford Frost, lives at Nanton.

FORM A-22

NORTHERN ALBERTA RAILWAYS COMPANY

J. M. MACARTHUR
GENERAL MANAGER

EDMONTON, ALBERTA

Chamber of Commerce,
Edmonton.

Mrs. K. McDonald Lives Past 101

Has Lived in Edmonton in Same Site for Forty Years

Edmonton boasts at least one citizen who has reached the century mark. Not only reached it but passed it.

Mrs. Kenneth McDonald of 9173 Jasper avenue reached the age of 101. She is reputed to be Edmonton's grandest old lady, certainly one of the city's oldest and finest.

Born at Cumberland House, Sask., on May 27, 1828, her maiden name was Emma Rowland. She was married to Kenneth McDonald on Feb-

Mrs. Kenneth McDonald

ruary 10, 1854, by John Rowan, chief factor for the Fort Pitt (now Lloydminster). She has been a resident of Edmonton since 1869.

Living on the same site ever since she came here, Mrs. McDonald has resided in her present home for the past forty years.

Kenneth McDonald, her husband, was 79 years when he died 23 years ago. He spoke French and Gaelic, in addition to English and was of Scotchc descent. Mr. and Mrs. McDonald had two sons and five daughters not all of whom are living today. There are 19 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren.

In possession of her own teeth, Mrs. McDonald must be in possession of second sight for she discarded glasses some time ago.

Five Are Killed

WESTERN DIVISION

August 5th, 1939.

CROP REPORT

Based on Agents' Reports for the Week Ending August 3rd.

DISTRICT NO. 1. Weather - extremely hot and dry. Precipitation - nil. Growth and Development - grain maturing too rapidly on account of the extreme heat, the result will be a lot of shrunken kernels. Combining will be general the middle of next week. Damage - crops that looked like 40 bushels at the 1st of July now look like 12 bushels per acre. General Conditions - only fair.

DISTRICT NO. 2. Weather - extremely hot and dry. Precipitation - nil. Growth and Development - crops maturing too rapidly on account of the extreme heat and dry weather. The yield per acre will be very small on stubbled land. Damage - the crop has been reduced 50% from the 1st of July on account of the excessive heat and dry weather. General Conditions - only fair.

DISTRICT NO. 3. No Elevators.

DISTRICT NO. 4. Weather - hot and dry, mostly cool at nights. Precipitation - nil. Growth and Development - with present weather harvest will start approximately August 15th. Damage - very slight frost reported at a few stations just enough to notice on tender garden plants, doubtful if any damage to grain. General Conditions - yield on seeded acreage estimated - Aldersyde to Macleod, wheat 15 bushels, Aldersyde to Nobleford, wheat 12 bushels, Aldersyde to Lomond, wheat 10 bushels. Fair.

DISTRICT NO. 5. Weather - clear and hot with light scattered showers Monday. Precipitation - slight. Growth and Development - wheat headed 36". Coarse grains 24". Wheat filling and standing heat on heavy land and summer fallow. Yield will be reduced some on east end of the district. Damage - Munson root rot 10%. Hail damage slight at Wayne and Beynon. General Conditions - fairly good.

DISTRICT NO. 6. Weather - mostly clear and extremely warm. Precipitation - from 1/8 to 1/4 of an inch of rainfall throughout the district. Growth and Development - grain maturing very rapidly on account of the hot, dry weather. Damage - the yield has been reduced 30% due to the intense heat. General Conditions - fairly good.

DISTRICT NO. 7. Weather - clear and hot with showers Monday. Precipitation - Sedgewick east 1/10 to 1/2". Lougheed reports .60, Hayter .51, Ribstone .45, Hardisty 1/4". Growth and Development - wheat headed 24 to 36". Coarse grains headed 24". Wheat standing the excessive heat well. Yield will be reduced some. Coarse grains will be reduced considerably and light crop is expected. Damage - slight cutworm damage. Slight hail damage Lougheed, Hardisty, Amisk, Alliance. General Conditions - fairly good.

DISTRICT NO. 8. Weather - clear and hot with showers Monday. Precipitation - 1/8 to 1/4". Growth and Development - wheat headed 36", heavy stand. Need rain but standing the excessive heat well. Yield will be reduced some. Coarse grains 36", burning in some districts and crop will not be heavy. Damage - cutworm damage Ardley and Delburne, Slight hail damage Rosalind, Bowden, Olds, New Norway, Prentiss, Ardley, Edberg. Kelsey 20%. General Conditions - fairly good.

DISTRICT NO. 9. Weather - mostly clear and very warm. Precipitation - scattered showers throughout the district. Growth and Development - wheat maturing rapidly on account of the extremely warm weather. Damage - nil. General Conditions - very good.

HAS CANADIAN LINEAGE BACK TWO CENTURIES

Camrose Chid Wins Jubilee Honor There Amid Keen Rivalry

CAMROSE, Alta., June 25.—A growing interest has been taken in the contest for the honor of lighting the big bonfire at Camrose on the night of July First. Eight applications from parents have been received, all of them containing much historical matter of great interest. Some of the applicants can trace their lineage back to the early part of the eighteenth century when their ancestors either emigrated to what are now the provinces of Ontario and Nova Scotia or were of that good old British stock who remained loyal at the time of the American revolution and crossed the boundary to again establish for themselves a home under the flag which they so dearly loved.

The following are the names of those who have been entered in the contest and the dates of the arrival of their ancestors in Canada:

Margaret Jean Dowling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Dowling, of Ohaton, born at Camrose June 14, 1921; a great-great granddaughter of Peter Dowling, who emigrated from Ulster, Ireland., and settled at Riverside, Nova Scotia, in 1730.

George Rodney Knaut, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Knaut, Camrose, a great great grandson of Phillip and Anna Knaut, who were married in St. Paul's church, Halifax, Nova Scotia, on July 30, 1750.

Isabelle Gallant, daughter off Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Gallant, Camrose South. Her great great grandparents were among those French who settled in Acadia prior to 1755.

Elaine Reynolds, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Reynolds, Camrose. Her ancestors were ——— Reynolds and William Enslow, colonels in his majesty's (King George III.) army during the revolutionary war and who were granted large tracts of land in Shelburne country, Nova Scotia, where they settled in 1773.

Ruth Saunders, four years of age, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Saunders, Camrose. Her Canadian lineage is traced back to 1774, when her great great grandparents crossed over from the United States into the Bay of Quinte district, Ontario, under the standard of the United Empire Loyalists.

Margaret Hall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carman Hall, Camrose northwest. A descendant of Timothy Buell, who settled at Brockville, Ontario, in 1784 after having participated on the British side in the American revolutionary war. William Buell, a brother, became founder of Brockville, 1785.

Florence M. Williams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Williams, Ohaton district. A descendant of John Shearer who came from Scotland to St. John, New Brunswick, in 1817.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Margaret Jean Dowling can trace her ancestry in Canada for a period covering only three years short of two centuries, which appears to entitle her to the high honor of being the child chosen to start the huge bonfire to be lighted in Camrose on the night of Dominion day. The bonfire material will be ignited by the use of a switch connected to an electric firing device, so there will be no danger of any risk of injury to the child performing the ceremony.

October

Blue skies with fleecy clouds a' floating overhead;
Crimson leaves and gold leaves and sometimes brown, instead;
Pink asters, white asters, purple asters too;
Little squirrels that frisk about and peep around at you;
That's October!

Leaves a' falling from the tree, a' falling on your head,
Leaves that pop and crackle wherever you may tread;
Warm sun, warm air and blackbirds all a' flying.
A soft breeze that sways the trees and sets them all to sighing—
That's October!

Of all the days in all the year, that come and go together,
Of all the kinds, the different kinds, of balmy sunny weather,
The best of all, the very best, in all the world over,
Are the warm days, the bright days, of balmy bright October!

Have I a twin?—Audrey Swan, 11, Dec. 22, Shelby, Nebr.

variation, the best crops being on the heavy land in the southern portion of the district, while the poorest lie along the Alberta border. In other areas the yields range from poor to fair. Several correspondents indicate, however, that the crop is turning out better than anticipated. It is expected that most of the wheat will grade Nos. 1,2 or 3 Northern. Except for some sawfly damage practically no injury has occurred during the past two weeks. Weather has been warm and dry and generally favourable for harvesting operations. A few points report showers that resulted in slight delay in operations. Live stock are in fair to good condition, but pastures require rain.

Precipitation at points in Crop District No.7 for the period since last report up to 7 a.m. Sept. 5,1939 Kindersley .38; Macklin .40.

No.8 North Eastern

90 to 95 per cent. of the wheat and about 75 per cent. of the coarse grains have been cut. Only 10 to 15 per cent. of the wheat and about 5 per cent. of the coarse grains have been threshed. The crop on the whole is expected to yield well and the greater proportion will probably grade Nos. 1, 2, or 3 Northern. No crop damage is reported during the past two weeks. Live stock and pastures are in fair to good condition. Some showers have interrupted harvesting operations but favourable harvesting weather prevailed during the greater part of the last two weeks.

Precipitation at points in Crop District No.7 for the period since last report up to 7 a.m. Sept. 5,1939, Humboldt .24; Melfort .36.

No.9 North Western

90 to 95 per cent. of the wheat and about 70 per cent. of the coarse grains have been cut. 15 to 20 per cent. of the whe at has been threshed in the Prince Albert district, but in other areas very little has been done. Taking the district as a whole about 12 per cent. of the wheat and less than 5 per cent. of the coarse grains have been threshed. Several points indicate yields are turning out better than expected earlier. The greater portion of the wheat is expected to grade Nos. 2 or 3 Northern with a considerable quantity of low grade grain in some districts. Slight sawfly damage is reported at a few points. The weather has been generally favourable for harvesting, although strong winds are reported at some points and several local showers interfered to some extent with harvest ing operations. Live stock are in good condition.

Precipitation at points in Crop District No.9 for the period since last report up to 7 a.m. Sept. 5,1939 Prince Albert .38; Battleford .37; Lloydminster .28.

25TH YEAR, NO. 137 DEC 27 1928

'Old Akenum', Patriarch Of Peace River Country, Passes From Land He Loved So Well

Courier du Bois, Voyageur, Tracker and Hunter All Summed Up in His Life—Was Lord Simpson's Canoeman on Visit 75 Years Ago

(Special to Edmonton Journal)

PEACE RIVER, Dec. 27.—The death at Battle River Sunday night of Felix Shaw, known throughout the north as "Old Akenum," removes a picturesque character.

He was born in the country near Fort Vermilion, and as far as his age is concerned that was only problematical, but it is safe to say that he had passed his century mark a good many years.

To those who still remain and have been in the north nearly fifty years he has always been known as 'Old Akenum."

He free-granted the flat on the south bank of the Hart river many years ago and disposed of it during the boom of 1913. It is now known as Riverside.

While he could speak fluently all of the native dialects of the northern tribes as well as French, Mr. Shaw never mastered the English language sufficiently to converse with any but intimate friends.

Knew the Northland

He could not read or write, but his travels took him into every nook and corner of western and northern Canada during his long life, and his experiences would outdo the chronicles of Trader Moberly for he knew nothing east of Fort Garry except along the waterways of the continent which he had not traversed since the early eighties.

His train travels formed about the smallest part of his life and that only after steel had reached this point. With the courier du bois and voyageurs he could recount stirring events of the stirring times when he was a youth tough as whipcord and as a tracker and hunter he could not be excelled.

A Born Hunter

Up to only a few weeks ago he would shoulder his rifle and get a moose or deer within a few hours. Traveling at a pace envious to a younger man, over the hill and through the bush as silently as a cat, he would not return empty handed.

As a young man he was acquainted with and accompanied Lord Simpson as canoeman along the course of the Red river and the numerous waterways selected by the old Hudson's Bay company officials of that time. He frequently conversed of his travels of at least 75 years ago, using names of individuals that are only history to present day readers, which undoubtedly were acquired by him from personal contact for he could recite the various routes he then traveled, easily followed on a map from his recital but which to him signified nothing.

The map of the Peace River country has changed since he was a boy. He frequently pointed out what was then a vast prairie covered with buffalo, and this same country is now plentifully supplied with poplar bush of small dimensions.

His death removes a real landmark in the development of this country. To a sightseer and traveler he would be pointed out and receive much attention, for it is questionable if he could not claim the distinction of being the oldest human being in the entire north and for certain he was the pioneer of all pioneers.

[illegible] heavy rains during the last two weeks have increased moisture supply to a point where adequate moisture for the present crop is practically assured. Some points report four inches rain in the last two weeks. Growth is good with 40 per cent. of the wheat crop reported in the shot-blade and stands generally thick and heavy and 10 to 12 inches in height. Coarse grains, pastures and forage crops are all reported good. Threatened grasshopper damage has been checked by cool weather and the spreading of poisoned bait except in the southern part of this division where some damage is reported. Some hail has fallen but no severe damage is reported. Summerfallowing is well advanced with some districts practically completed. Crop and feed prospects are very good. Live stock are doing well with some cattle and hog increases reported.

DIVISION NO. 5 - Heavy rains have added to the moisture supply during the last two weeks over most of this district. Growth is good with most grains reported to be 10 to 12 inches high and of good colour, except some fields that have become quite weedy. Some hail is reported over a small district in the centre of this area, but the damage is not great. Range conditions are generally very good and live stock are making good gains.

DIVISION NO. 6 - Rains during the last two weeks have given some points a near record June precipitation. The soil is well saturated with moisture and summer tillage operations are being retarded. The wheat crop is either approaching or in the shot-blade stage at a height of 8 to 10 inches, and in a position to make the best use of higher temperatures than have prevailed during the first three weeks of the month. Coarse grains making heavy growth with forage crops needing warmer weather. Some damage has occurred from hail but some recovery is expected in the hailed districts. Pastures are generally good with live stock reported in good condition. The present crop picture is generally satisfactory although future progress depends on higher average temperatures.

DIVISION NO. 7 - Weather over past two weeks has been generally cool and showery with slower crop growth due to low temperatures. Wheat crop is making fair to good progress and is keeping ahead of the weeds. Coarse grains are making good start and the seeding of these grains for greenfeed is practically finished. Pastures and forage crops are reported as very good. No damage reported from grasshoppers and none from frost. Live stock reported as in good condition.

DIVISION NO. 8 - Ample to abundant describes the moisture supply of this district, with some points recording near record June precipitation. All crops have made fair growth but temperatures have been too low for growth to approach the maximum with the adequate moisture supply that exists. Some greenfeed is being seeded on land intended for summerfallow due to the wet condition of the surface soil which prevents surface cultivation. No crop damage is reported but damage is feared if rain and cool weather continue. Pastures reported as very good in all cases as are forage crops. The good condition of the live stock reflects the excellent pasturage that has developed in the last three weeks.

DIVISION NO. 9 - With moisture now adequate, the crop requires warmer weather for proper growth. Despite generally cool, showery weather, the early sown wheat is reported in the shot-blade at an average height of ten inches. All stands are well stooled and healthy, except for slight frost and root rot damage in some districts. Late sown coarse grains are being held back by the cool weather. Fallowing has been delayed but is more

ALBERTA FARM JOURNAL

SEP 1 1926

Henry Monkman, Pioneer And Rebellion Veteran, Passed Away This Week

Henry Monkman, perhaps the oldest of Alberta's pioneers and well known by most old timers of this part of the province, quietly passed away at Vegreville a few days ago and will be buried today at Whitford.

The late Mr. Monkman, who lived to attain the ripe old age of 97 years, was born and raised in the west, and his career was quite a colorful one. He was a veteran of the Riel rebellion, and won further distinction from the fact that he brought the first load of freight into Edmonton by ox-drawn Red River cart.

At the Edmonton exhibition this year, he was acclaimed "daddy of them all" by the hundreds of old timers present, and was accorded the honor of heading the old timers' parade, a prominent feature of the opening ceremonies of the exhibition. During the excitement and heat of the parade, the aged man was seized with a fainting spell on that occasion, when medical aid was summoned. He quickly recovered, however, and insisted on remaining for the rest of the ceremonies.

Deceased passed away quietly in his sleep. He was suffering from no illness, and up to the last was bright and active.

DIVISION NO. 3 - Cloudy showery weather but no general rain is reported for the past week in this area. In the dry land, harvesting and threshing are 80 per cent or more completed and yields show wide variation from a few bushels to the acre to 20 bushels or more - 8 to 10 bushels per acre is about the average with grades higher than were expected. Good yields are reported for those crops that have been threshed in the irrigated district. Feed supply for this area should be ample considering the large stocks of hay of this and previous seasons on hand in the irrigated districts. Keen demand for feeder live stock is reported.

DIVISION NO. 4 - Cool, rainy weather with heavy frost in some parts has made the past week unfavourable harvest weather. However, that part of the crop being harvested by combine is 80 per cent completed with the balance of the crop cut and stooked. About 50 per cent of the stooked grain has been threshed. Some districts are reporting average yields of 15 bushels to the acre and grades of No. 2 to 4. Frost damage is evident in some districts. Cutting of coarse grains is completed and some threshing has been done but no yields are reported.

DIVISION NO. 5 - Showery weather has delayed harvesting in this division in the past week. The amount of crop threshed varies widely from 10 per cent in some districts to 75 per cent in other districts, with averages of 15 to 25 bushels per acre reported, and there is little basis for an average yield for the division. Light frosts are reported from some districts. The oat and barley crop is reported light with oats yielding 20 to 30 bushels per acre, reported

DIVISION NO. 6 - Rains on 11th and 12th stopped threshing operations in this area the past week. Previously wheat crops threshed in the south eastern part of the division had yielded on the average 20 to 22 bushels per acre and had graded No 1 and 2. Some yields, however, are much higher than this and the northern part of the division has a good stand but no threshing has been done to date. Some cutting of late and hailed crops remains to be done in the Didsbury district. Some districts report 30 per cent of crop still standing awaiting combine. Considerable frost damage is expected to be evident when threshing commences in the Olds area

DIVISION NO. 7 - Threshing is now being resumed after delay caused by rains of last week. Twenty-five per cent of the wheat crop is threshed and yields have been reported from 10 to 20 bushels per acre - grades have been No. 1 and No. 2. The oat and barley crop is light with yields of threshed crops being reported as; oats 20 to 25 bushels and barley 18 to 20 bushels per acre.

DIVISION NO. 8 - Cutting has been practically completed and threshing started in this division. Threshing is expected to be general in this division this week if weather permits. Reported and estimated yields set the average at 18 to 22 bushels wheat per acre with grades ranging to date as low as No. 5 with the bulk at No. 2 in most of the eastern districts. Estimated yields for oats and barley are 35 bushels and 18 to 20 bushels per acre respectively. Frost has been severe in some districts and low grades of all grains for those areas is anticipated. The feed situation is generally satisfactory but second crop of alfalfa is very light.

DIVISION NO. 9 - Cutting has been completed but very little threshing done in this division to date. Prospects are for a good yield of wheat and coarse grains of early seeding, but late grains will be damaged, both as to yield and grade, by frost. Yields of 30 bushels to the acre are reported where wheat has been threshed with some bran frost evident in places. Threshing will be general this week if weather permits

Whitecourt Woman Recalls Notable Journey Through Mountains in Early Days

Henderson Family Journey from Pacific Coast to Edmonton by Canoe and Pack Horses Before Railway Was Built

By ANN DONNELLY

A STORY of pioneer life which probably has few equals was told by Mrs. Thomas Stewart, of Whitecourt who with her husband visited in Edmonton last week, and renewed acquaintance with many old timers at the exhibition. Mrs. Stewart is a daughter of "Thomas Henderson who crossed the mountains." Crossing the mountains today is a comparatively commonplace journey compared, usually devoid of adventure, but it was not so when the Henderson family made the journey which served to identify the head of the house through the remainder of his life.

As a child, Mrs. Stewart left Ingersoll, Ontario, with her family, who were intent of going as far as they could go and still remain in Canada. As Canada could boast no transcontinental railway at that time, the Henderson family took the train from Ingersoll to San Francisco and there took the boat to Victoria, and hence back to the main land.

For seven years the Hendersons lived at Maple Ridge, now known as Port Hammond, near New Westminster, where Mrs. Stewart, then Olive Henderson, the eldest of the family, attended school. Homesteading there proved discouraging because of the heavy work in clearing land and successive wet seasons when rain spoiled the wheat before it could be threshed, so the family decided to cross the mountains to the prairie.

There were seven children then, and the journey as far as Yale, B.C., was made in canoes over the Fraser river. Here with axe and saw Mr. Henderson made a wagon, cutting the wheels from great rounds of spruce logs and carving the axles from blocks of wood. With a team of horses this vehicle conveyed the family to Kamloops, where they camped for two weeks in preparation for the remainder of the trip, which was to be made by way of the Yellowhead pass over an old survey trail.

Pack saddles were made and provisions loaded, and to make things as comfortable for the scall children as possible, Mrs. Henderson made hammocks of gunnysack which hung from either side of her saddle while she carried the baby strapped to her body and Olive rode on the saddle behind her.

It was well on in the afternoon when they set out on this final lap of the journey, and the horses, after a two weeks' rest, were feeling more lively than the travelers had anticipated. Some of them bucked and kicked and upset things generally, and the clothing for the family which was packed in sacks, was scattered loose to the four winds. The following morning a fresh start was made.

As feeding places for the horses were not plentiful in the mountains there were no set times for stopping, but advantage was taken of every patch of grass where the animals could feed. Beans, flour and oatmeal made up the food for the journey. At each camp beans and bannocks were made for the next stop. There were times when supplies were pretty low, and if it hadn't been for supplies secured at the Tete Jaune Cache (one of the storehouses where beans and flour had been brought in by the railway company in anticipation of a road being built) Mrs. Stewart says they would no doubt have been faced with starvation, for by this time they were many weeks behind the time anticipated for the journey. As it was by the time they made Lac Ste. Anne and were able to procure salt, which they had been without for a long time, they were ravenous for it and ate it "plain" until they were satisfied.

Crossing the Athabaska proved a thrilling experience. A raft was made and the blankets and utensils were taken as far as an island. Nightfall came and the family had their supper, one at a time, of porridge made in a tin cup. Boughs and branches were gathered for beds, and in the morning Mr. Henderson came back with a canoe and brought them across, while the men went on from the island, swimming the horses and paddling their raft. St. Albert was reached on October 18, 1882, when the district was having the first snowfall of the season.

After their arrival they settled on a homestead east of Edmonton, but remained there only a short time. Their next move was into Edmonton, and they built a house on Fraser avenue which was a popular boarding house for many years.

Some twenty odd years ago the Henderson family moved onto a farm in the Rabbit Hill district, south of Edmonton, where Mr. and Mrs. Henderson spent the remainder of their days. Mrs. Henderson died about six years ago and Mr. Henderson two years ago.

Not content with his journey over the mountains, Thomas Henderson had to do further pioneering. He was the first man to introduce honey bees into this country.

MRS. THOMAS STEWART, of Whitecourt, who as a young girl made the adventurous trip through the mountains.

Mrs. Henderson was an exceedingly clever woman, boasting as one of her accomplishments the art of shooting. She was a crack shot and could shoot a prairie chicken's head off with ease. Before her marriage she was an Oliver of Ingersoll. The Oliver family has long been prominent in the Ingersoll district, and no doubt the exigencies of the times developed many traits Mrs. Henderson had inherited.

Four daughters and two sons of the Henderson family are still living. They are Mrs. Stewart of Whitecourt; Mrs. P. G. Rhatigan, living south of Edmonton; Mrs. W. J. Wilson of Innisfail; Mrs. Margaret McCauley of Three Hills; Charles Henderson of South Edmonton, and Walter Henderson on the old farm.

THE CALGARY DAILY HERALD, MONDAY, M

ELLSWORTH FINDS

Calgary Pioneer Dies in East

I. G. RUTTLE

Former alderman, pioneer horseman and life director of the Calgary Exhibition and Stampede, who died at Columbus, Ohio, Sunday afternoon following a brief illness. Mr. Ruttle came to Calgary more than 35 years ago, and for years conducted a livery business on Second street east. He was a partner in the firm of Graham and Ruttle, funeral directors, for a number of years. He retired from business in Calgary on August 1, 1933, and left several months later for Columbus to make his home with one of his married daughters. He is survived by his wife and four daughters.

PIONEER DIES

John McCaffary, prominent Calgary old-timer, died at the age of 67, at his residence, 228 26th Ave. W., Monday morning, after long illness.

HENRY FRASER, NOTED PIONEER, LAID TO REST

Mourners Pay Last Respects to One of Edmonton's First Native Sons

Four generations of mourners gathered in the First Presbyterian church on Monday afternoon at the simple and touching funeral service of Henry Fraser, 73, of Winterburn, one of the first of Edmonton's native sons. Graybeards, friends and relatives in the prime of life, stripling and babies in arms, were included in the crowd that filed past the open coffin, banked high with wreaths, to gaze on the features of the noted pioneer, after Rev. Dr. D. G. McQueen had pronounced a benediction. As the crowd of mourners paid their silent homage, F. J. Nurding played a soft requiem on the organ.

Henry Fraser was a descendant of some of the finest stock that ever came out of Scotland, declared Rev. McQueen. It may be that later arrivals will never fully appreciate the service that these pioneers had rendered in laying the corner stone of civilization in this province, and he urged those present to draw a lesson from the life of Henry Fraser and dedicate their remaining years to service. There had been many opportunities in the early days to extend a helping hand to those in need and in distress and the deceased had never overlooked a chance of this kind. "But there is nothing to equal a family heritage of the kind that Henry Fraser had, and the memory of his unselfish and noble life will be like a continual benediction to those who remain," said the pastor, as a final tribute.

After the large number of mourners present had filed around the coffin, K. A. McLeod, Dr. J. Hislop, J. Calhoun, Mr. Hubbard, William West, and George J. Welbourn, of Winterburn, carried the coffin to Foster and Patterson's hearse and the cortege moved off for the Edmonton cemetery, where the interment took place.

The deceased is survived by a widow and four sons, Colin James, Jack Edward, and Robert, all of Winterburn, and Thomas Fraser of this city. There are also four sisters, Mrs. Joe McDonald, of Edmonton, Mrs. Borwick, of Andrew, Mrs. Rowland, of North Battleford and Mrs. Tait, of Grande Prairie. The well-known Colin Fraser, of Fort Chipewyan, is a brother.

WESTERN DIVISION

September 2nd, 1939

THRESHING REPORT

DISTRICT	WHEAT % Cut	WHEAT % Threshed	COARSE GRAINS % Cut	COARSE GRAINS % Threshed	ESTIMATED YIELDS per acre
1	80	65			14 bus.
2	80	60			14 bus.
3	No Elevators.				
4	70	15			
5	65	5			
6	60	3			From 20 to 35 bus.
7	70	1			
8	75	1			
9	70				
10	82	3			
11	80	4			
12	No Elevators.				
13	72	1			
14	71	1			
15	70		60		
16	70		60		

Congratulations

MRS. JOHN McDOUGALL
who, born May 2, 1854, is today celebrating her 81st birthday at her Calgary home. Mrs. McDougall is one of the best known and beloved women of Alberta. She came to Morley with her husband, Rev. John McDougall, and was the first white woman settler in southern Alberta.

Tribute to a Great Man

"When news came to this office," says the Calgary Albertan in its editorial columns, "that the Hon. Frank Oliver had gone it was as if the old west lay dead at Ottawa, for to us—who have caught something of the flavor of those other days—Frank Oliver represented all that was fine and sturdy and kindly about the country which our fathers knew.

"To define the loss which Frank Oliver's death has brought to those pioneers who knew him in the early days is a task beyond us and beyond all who have followed after. Perhaps there is no one left who can adequately define it.

"Yet it is within the compass of our powers to . . . . express deep appreciation for the public services of a man who wrote his name in honorable letters into the history of the west. He worked well to the end of a long life. There are few more comprehensive tributes than this."

The Calgary Herald feels that "one of the best tributes that could be paid Mr. Oliver was the fact that those who worked with and for him were his loyal admirers. He inspired loyalty because it was so evident that he was never concerned for himself but about the public welfare.

"Throughout Canada," it concludes, "there will be deep sorrow at the passing of so distinguished a Canadian."

His rugged honesty made a deep impression on the Lethbridge Herald, which pays this fine tribute to his memory:

"Newspapermen throughout Canada will miss Mr. Oliver greatly. His editorship was always rugged. His honesty in his beliefs was perhaps a factor which militated against his acquisition of wealth through his publication. He said what he believed without thought of its effect on the business office. Therein lay his strength as a public man.

"All Canada will mourn the passing of Hon. Frank Oliver, and the west will feel that it has lost a true friend."

The Winnipeg Tribune pays tribute to Mr. Oliver's memory in the following paragraphs:

"He never had a dollar that was not dampened by the sweat of his own toil. For a weaker man the long, hopeless fight of the last 20 years would have been torture; for him it was no barren stretch of years.

"The silent perhaps unconscious, plan of his life was to enrich not himself but others. He was from first to last a worker; he asked only to serve. His rest is well earned."

The Medicine Hat News declares that: "It is not amongst the parliamentarians, however, that his memory will remain the greenest, but amongst his confreres in the newspaper field. Beginning with the episode of his loss of a portion of his printing paraphernalia in the river at Edmonton, after he had hauled it from Winnipeg by bullocks in the early days, until the closing chapters of his colorful career as an editor, there were few weeks passed which were not productive of anecdotal history. For many years to come these tales will be re-told in newspaper circles, in fond recollection of the sage who has departed."

The Vancouver Province says of him: "The chief characteristics of Frank Oliver were probably courage, forthrightness, independence and unshaken confidence in the great west. It took courage of a high order to establish a newspaper on the bald prairies at Edmonton in 1880. It took courage and confidence to hang on through the disheartening days that followed. Forthrightness Frank Oliver never lacked. When he had full freedom, his language snapped and scintillated. It is said to have sometimes fused the telephone wires. But on more formal occasions he could be both emphatic and logical. In parliament he was not an orator, but he was a bonny fighter. And on the railway commission, in his later days, he fought the battles of the west as he had fought them in his youth in his newspaper and in his middle years on the floor of the house. The west was his child. He had no apologies to make for it. He believed in it and stood up for it on all occasions."

The Saskatoon Star regrets Mr. Oliver never saw fit to write a book on his western experiences. It says: "In the final years Mr. Oliver devoted much of his time to journalistic work. His articles dealing with Canadian questions were widely read in eastern Canada. It is unfortunate that in this last period of his life he did not undertake some larger literary work dealing with the western scene as he saw it through some 50 or 60 years. It would have been a valuable contribution to Canadian historical works. As it is, a great field awaits a biographer. The story of his life must be one of amazing activity, picturesque adventure, and incidents of national significance. It would encompass the more important period of western history."

The Regina Leader-Post adds: "A natural frontier figure was Frank Oliver. Bluff and of rough exterior, he was honest to the core, sincere and friendly. Here was a man who would have succeeded, who would have fought his way through to personal distinction and public leadership no matter where fate might have set him down in the world. He was a man who would never have stayed down anywhere."

"A man of great and noble character" is the way the Ottawa Citizen sums up Mr. Oliver, adding: "In the fast fading parliamentary company who were in the house with him, the late Mr. Oliver is remembered as a picturesque and buoyant figure; given to expressing his thoughts without impediment; possessing the breezy air of the prairies, where he pioneered. But behind this was a character of dynamic industry; a persevering purpose in life; the record of an honest and competent administrator."

The Winnipeg Free Press pays a fine tribute in the following words:

"His active life covered the whole span of development of the west following its absorption by Canada; and perhaps no life in the whole vast area was so typical as his of the six western decades of adventure, heriosm, changing fortunes, victory and defeat, and all in all substantial achievement. Well might he say: "I am a part of all that I have met." There was something very fitting in the action of the people of Edmonton—a city of which he was a prime founder—in not waiting for his death to commemorate his contribution to the state.

"Thus passes almost the last of the Canadian Argonauts of the seventies—the young men of eastern Canada who pressed into the "great lone land" to take possession and to find in its spaces a field for their ambitions. Few of that vanished band were as fortunate as Frank Oliver was in seeing his dreams and ambitions made real in the passage of time. Venerable in years, he remained incurably young in action and in spirit until the very end, which came without warning—a fitting ending to a life filled with satisfactions and achievements."

Says the Toronto Star:

"To refer to Mr. Oliver as winning professional distinction in journalism is perhaps to give a wrong impression of the man. He was a good journalist, but about him there was nothing professional at all. He was, rather, a crusader. He loved a fight. He typified the young and adventurous west. He was a great friend and a hard-hitting enemy. He was the stuff of which pioneers are made.

"In parliament he was a unique figure. Whether he was first a Liberal and then a westerner, or first a westerner and then a Liberal, it would not be easy to say. But these were the two dominating interests of his life. And in promoting them he was not accustomed, as Theodore Roosevelt once put it, to "hit soft." Not for him the eloquent periods of meaningless rhetoric. He knew most of the short-cuts to the expressing of an idea, and in his prime few could employ them more forcefully."

Journal, April 4, 1933.

Visit of Edmonton

All Times

in 1926

EDMONTON PIONEERS TO OPEN THEIR CABIN WITH DUE CEREMONIES

Names of 904 Members of Old Timers' Association Have Been Placed on Artistic Roll of Honor, Which Was Designed by R. B. Mackenzie

Another link with Edmonton's honored old-timers will be forged at the exhibition grounds next week, when it is expected that pioneers from far and wide will meet in one grand reunion. In honor of the occasion, a roll of honor will be unveiled, so that the names of all those who were in Edmonton in the early days will be preserved for future generations.

The ceremony is to take place at the Old Timers' Cabin that is now being finished at the fair grounds, and it is confidently expected that it will prove to be a feature attraction at the fair. As Monday, the opening day of the exhibition, has ben especially set apart for the Old Timers' program, it is anticipated that it will have a unique appeal.

Roll Is Work of Art

Names of 904 members of the Northern Alberta Pioneers and Old Timers' association have been placed on the roll, which is a work of art, by R. B. MacKenzie, of this city. It is 40 inches high and 60 inches long, without the frame, and is bound to excite the keenest admiration of all beholders. For the last six weeks Mr. MacKenzie has been working on the roll in his spare time and it is now just about completed, with the exception of the final touches of a decorative nature.

The lettering is in modified old English and clearly involved a great deal of time and patience on the part of the artist. Painted in attractive colors around the roll and giving it an impressive effect are scenes that will no doubt awaken old memories of the pioneers. There are pictures of Indians and teepees, Red River carts, buffalo, placer gold mining, dog teams, while in the top centre is a fine drawing of a beaver.

The roll is signed by Campbell Young, president of the Old Timers' association, and by Howard Douglas, honorary secretary.

Honorary and Life Members

At the top appear the names of the honorary members, Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Egbert, Hon. R. G. and Mrs. Brett, Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. McQueen, Matthew McCauley, George Roy, Lieut.-Colonel Justus Willson, Mrs. E. V. Hardisty, and John MacDonald. The life members named are Major Fred and Mrs. Brewster, K. A. Blatchford, James Gibbons and Murdock McLeod.

Charles Monkman, of Vegreville, has the honor of being one of the oldest of old-timers. Many of those on the list came to Edmonton in 1849, more in 1874 and in 1881, while each year from that time on until 1900 is well represented.

Men and Women Who Came Here When City Was Trading Post

Pioneers of Edmonton

The list of those on the honor roll is as follows:

MEMBERS OF THE OLD-TIMERS' ASSOCIATION

Honorary Members

His Honor Lieut. Gov. and Mrs. Egbert.
Hon. R. G. and Mrs. Brett, 1880.
Hon. Frank and Mrs. Oliver, 1876.
Rev. D. G. and Mrs. McQueen, 1887.
Mr. Matthew McCauley, 1879.
Mr. George Roy, 1883.
Lt. Col. Justus D. Willson, 1879.
Mrs. E. V. Hardisty, 1860.
John MacDonald.

Life Members

Major F. and Mrs. Brewster, 1888.
K. A. Blatchford, 1882.
James Gibbons, 1864.
Murdock McLeod, 1861.

A

Anderson, J. D., 1879; Anderson, Mrs. J. D., 1881; Allan J., 1891; Angus, Robert M., 1892; Angus, Mrs. R. M., 1892; Allen, Jas. L., 1889; Allen, Hugh, 1892; Anderson, Pete, 1891; Angus, Thos. A., 1891; Allan, R. K., 1881; Adamson, Alex., 1884; Angus, H. G., (N.B.), 1895; Askey, W. G., 1891; Abbott, Mrs. J. L., (N. B.), 1886; Armistead, Mrs. C., 1882; Anderson, Mrs. S. L., 1892; Anthony, Mrs. Margaret, (N.B.), 1903; Anthony, A. H., 1884; Andrews, George, 1893; Adams, David E., 1882; Arcand, A., 1879.

B

Beauchamp, Joseph, 1892; Bragg, Geo. T., 1882; Byers, Thomas, 1890; Bell, James A., 1880; Bailey Robert W., 1884; Bailey, Mrs. R. W., 1883; Ball, F. B., 1893; Ball, Ida, 1893; Baxter, S., 1894; Belleisle, Joseph, 1883; Bigley, E. J., 1879; Bissett, Mrs. Mary E., 1878; Bland, A. R., 1893; Bloss, William, 1883; Boag, Arch., 1882; Bonneau, Alex. 1884; Bremner, Edith L., 1891; Brick, Alfred L., 1888; Brick, Sarah B.; 1892; Beals, C. B., 1891; Beals, Mrs. M. L., 1892; Bellamy, Thos. 1892; Bellamy, Mrs. Thomas, 1891; Bellamy, L. Jane D., 1881; Benson, Alexander, 1891; Benson, Mrs. Margaret. 1893; Benson, John R., 1876; Brewster, F. A., 1888; Brewster, G. O., 1888; Burley, E. W., 1891; Burley, Mrs. E. W., 1892; Belcher, Mrs. 1879; Belcher, Miss Anna, (N.B.), 1897; Bell, Harry, 1883; Bell, Mrs. Harry, 1883; Blatchford, K. A. Mrs., 1885; Bremner, J. C., 1885; Bull, Geo., 1886; Broder Ed., 1892; Broder, Mrs. E., 1892; Beaupre, W. P., 1872; Beaupre, Mrs. W. P., 1878; Bown, J. C. F., 1883; Bown, Mrs. J. C. F., 1890; Brown, Mrs. John M., 1889; Butchart, P. T., 1878; Butchart, Mrs. P. T., 1882; Brown, W. A., 1880; Brown, Mrs. W. A., 1872; Bayer, Mrs. G. L., (N.B.), 1895; Browne, Roger J. C., 1895; Bryan, W. C., 1892; Beguion, Nestor, 1892; Blois, Percy, 1895; Brown, Alf, 1882; Ball, Geo. 1895; Ball, Mrs., 1895; Boissonnault, H., 1891; Bredin, W. F., 1887; Bulmer, Geo., 1893; Bulmer, Mrs. Geo., 1893; Baird, Harry R., 1888; Bard, Delmar, 1895; Bell, Mrs. Robert, 1894; Brown, John M., 1890; Brown, Mrs. John M. Mrs., 1892; Borwick, Peter, (N.B.), 1870; Bond, Evelyn H., 1880; Borwick, Simon, 1872; Borwick, Mrs. Simon, 1880; Borwick, Ethel, (N.B.), 1902; Banks, Mrs. E. (N.B.), 1897; Brox, Dan. 1893; Batson, C. C., 1882; Bruner, Geo., 1891; Brinkman, Isaac, 1890; Byers, Orley, (N.B.), 1891; Byers, Melville, (N.B.), 1902; Blatchford, Peter, 1882; Blatchford, Mrs. Peter, 1878; Blatchford, Norman, (N.B.), 1897; Beldon, John, 1881; Burle, Petrus, 1892; Beckett, Archie, 1890; Beck, Judge N. D., 1883; Boyle, Judge John R.

C

Coghlan, Andy, 1885; Campbell, Mrs. Agnes, 1882; Campbell, Mrs. Sonia, 1890; Campbell, R. V., 1893; Carnegie, John, 1886; Carson, Chas. Oliver, 1879; Champagne, G., 1892; Chapman, Mrs. A. B., 1893; Chinneck, Jessie, M., 1890; Christman, H. L. C., 1893; Christman, Mrs. H. L. C., 1893; Cinnamon, Wm., 1884; Cinnamon, John, 1884; Coleman, Gordon E., (N.B.), 1885; Cookson, George, 1892; Cookson, John Wm., 1890; Corbett, R. A., 1887; Cooper, Wm. H., 1880; Cooper, Mrs. W. H., 1883; Creamer, Mary E., 1878; Cresswell, G. H., 1894; Cushing, A. T., 1887; Cushing, Mrs. A. N., 1877; Campbell, Geo. A., 1891; Carter Chas. John, 1893; Creamer, Chris J., 1879; Carter, A. J., 1893; Craig, W., 1883; Craig, Mrs. W., 1883; Clark, A. H., 1882; Chinneck, Dr. W. H., 1890; Cummings, Alex., 1892; Chisholm, Ronald A., 1878; Chisholm, Mrs., 1892; Cassidy, M., 1893; Campbell, D. B., 1880; Chandler, E. E., 1893; Compton, Clifton E., 1894; Clark, Wm. R., 1892; Cole, Mrs. J. H., 1885; Chamberlain, Wm. B. C., 1879; Carruthers, Wm., 1879; Carruthers, Mrs. Wm., 1882; Corbett, W. C., (NB), 1893; Corbett, Mrs. Jane, 1887; Cunningham, Thos. J., 1885; Cunningham, Mrs. T. J., 1892; Callaghan, Margaret K., 1892; Crozier, Mrs. Lloyd, 1888; Clark, Hector M., 1891; Collinson, Mrs. Mary, (NB) 1898; Cummings, C. P., 1895; Carson, Sam A., 1895; Carey, Ed., (NB) 1866; Cowels, Frank, 1889; Chinneck, C. G., 1890; Carmichael, Mrs. Andrew, (NB), 1895; Crawford, H. H., 1889; Cairns, C. V., 1895; Cairns, Mrs. C. V., 1895; Chisholm, Miss Lila, (NB) 1900; Cunningham, M. L., 1895; Cun-

(Continued on Page 11)

EDMONTON'S PIONEERS TO HAVE REUNION

(Continued from Page 13)

ningham, Mrs. M. L., 1894; Campbell, Peter Cameron, Mrs. John C.; Cowell, R. W. L., 1886; Cowan, J. D., 1880.

D

Daly, Jas., 1889; Daly, Mrs. Jas., 1892; Deeton, Mary, 1892; Daly, Thos. S., (NB), 1902; Dick, B. P., 1900; Daly, Wm. C., (NB), 1898; Douglas, Howard, 1882; Douglas, Roy A., 1883; Drever, Mrs. W. R., (NB) 1881; Dubuc, Chas. Emile, 1891; Duggan, J. J., 1889; Duggan, Mrs. J. J., 1891; Douglas, H. W. B., 1878; Dixon, Mrs. Trenholme, 1887; Davis, John A., 1894; Daly, Wm., 1883; Daly, T. F., (NB), 1890; Doolan, John, 1892; Douglas, Ralph How. (NB), 1888; Dean, Arthur E., 1894; Dean, Edward, 1894; Deitz, W. G., 1893; Douglas, Robert M., 1878; Dean, Mrs. Tom, 1890; Drayton, C. W., 1892; Davies, Arthur, 1895; Davies, Mrs. Arthur, 1895; Davies, Percy G., (NB), 1902; Davies, J. Arthur, NB), 1896; Davies, J. Parry, (NB), 1904; Davies, Geo. Lewis (NB), 1900; Durrand, Duncan, 1892; Durrand, William, 1892; Davey, Mrs. Albert, 1894; Duplessis, Joseph T., 1889; Dennehy, H. F., 1884; Doolan, J. T., 1892; Douglas, J. M., 1878; Durrand, Mrs. Wm., 1892; Durrand, Miss J. M., 1892; Duggan, John P., 1891; Darroch, Stuart, 1883; Douglas, Thomas C., 1883; Dunlop, Mrs. James, 1893; Dubuc, Judge Lucien, (NB), 1877.

E

Ellis, Alf. A., 1892; Ellett, Mrs. Amy L., 1895; Even, Peter M., 1894; Ellett, Chas., 1885; Elliott, F. S., 1881; Ellis, Mrs. Mary C., 1879; Essery, Elmo G., 1890; Emery, Mrs. Jess. Prim., 1892; Emery, Ed. Douglas (NB), 1897; Emery, Howard Tracy, (NB), 1899; Emery, Herb. James (NB) 1895; Emery, Mrs. R. C., 1887.

F

Ferguson, John J., 1883; Flynne, Patrick T., 1887; Fraser, B. L., 1892; Fraser, J. A., 1878; Fraser, J. C., 1880; Fraser, Mrs. J. C., 1889; Fraser, Mrs. D. R., 1890; Fraser, John S., 1895; Fraser, Mrs. Martha, 1885; Froste, William, 1891; Ferguson, Miss, (NB), 1908; Fraser, Allan, 1894; Fielders, J. M., 1884; Fulton, Dan, 1882; Freeman, Mrs. H. C., 1892; Fuller, Chas. W., 1895; Fraser, John R. (NB), 1902; Ferguson, R. B., 1892; Ferguson, Mrs. R. B., 1892; Fraser, Henry (NB), 1852; Fleming, E., 1881; Foster, J. D., 1893; Fowler, William, 1891; Fowler, Mrs. Wm., 1891.

G

Gibbons, Geo. R., 1892; Gagnon, Sam (NB), 1882; Gainer, John, 1877; Gibson, James, 1893; Gibson, John, 1892; Goode, Frank E., 1882; Goode, Mrs. F. E., 1892; Goode, F. E. Junr., (NB), 1903; Goode, Miss Ethel (NB), 1895; Graden, Thomas, 1889; Gillis, Ronald J., 1883; Graf, Bertha Mrs., 1884; Graham, Wm. D., 1894; Griesbach, Wm. A. Major Genl. (NB) 1878; Gainer, A. G., 1884; Griesbach, Mrs. W. A., (NB) 1881; Groves, M. S., 1889; Gibbons, James, 1864; Goodridge, L. A., 1881; Griffin, Geo. H., (NB), 1893; Griffin, Mrs. Ida M., (NB) 1895; Gibbons, R. E., (NB), 1885; Graves, Mrs. R. P., (NB), 1888; Gallagher, Con., 1877; Gunn, Peter, 1883; Groat, Forbes, 1871; Green, J. D., 1881; Gibeault, H., 1892; Gale, Alexander, 1887; Gauvreau, Mrs. P., 1884; Gillis, W. C., 1878; Garrett, Arthur G., (NB) 1895; Gray, Right Rev. Bishop (1886); Gariepy, J. H. 1892; Goodall, Geo., 1885; Gardiner, A. H., (NB), 1893; Gagnon, Napoleon, 1884; Groat, Geo. C., 1878; Groat, Adelaide Mrs., 1874; Gariepy, Chas. E., 1893; Goodwin, Dr. A. H., 1891; Goodwin, Mrs. A. H., 1895; Graydon, Geo. H., 1886; Graydon, Mrs. Geo. H., 1882; Groves, James, 1894; Griffin, Arthur H., 1887.

H

Hainstock, R., 1891; Hainstock, Bertha C., 1891; Haliburton, Mrs. M. H., (NB) 1890; Harrison, John D. Dr., 1892; Harrison, Mrs. J. D., 1883; Harrold, John, 1888; Harrold, Mrs. John (NB) 1885; Harrold. Wm. N., 1887; Hawkins, R. T., 1893; Hewgill, Wm. H., 1882; Higginson, Mrs. M. L., (NB), 1895; Hislop, John A., Dr., 1883; Hislop, Mrs. J. A., (NB), 1882; Harrold, Donald M., 1888; Hubbard, Sidney T., 1893; Huff, A. J., 1892; Hutchings, Percy J., (NB) 1885; Hoadley, Mrs. Geo., 1884; Haight, Capt., 1872; Harvey, Mrs., 1892; Hetu, 1889; Harrold, Harry, 1880; Hanna, Louis Dale, 1889; Hanna, Mrs. B. C., 1894; Heric, Jos. W., 1880; Howey, Mrs. W. R., 1879; Hawarth, C. J., 1891; Hall, Mrs. F. C., 1894; Hodgins, Laura M., 1895; Henley, Geo. W., 1892; Hall, John, 1888; Harris, M. W., 1892; Hunter, Mrs. Pearl B., 1895; Hutchinson, Mrs. James (NB) 1900; Hutchings, Mrs. A., 1879; Healthley, William, 1888; Henry, W. T., 1889; Henry, Mrs. W. T., 1889; Hulbert, Ralph, 1892; Harrold, Mrs. W. A., 1889; Harnois, J. Antonio, 1889; Harley, Mrs. Louise Mackey, 1881; Hargrave, W.H., 1885; Hargrave, Mrs. W. H., 1882; Hostyn, Joseph, 1891; Hockley, Robert, 1880; Hockley, Mrs. Robert, 1882.

I

Ingles, Mrs. Alice M., (NB) 1886; Ingster, O., 1885; Ingster, James, 1874; Irvine, T. R., 1894; Ibbotson, Mrs., 1882; Inglis, I. F., 1894.

J

Jackson, F. T. (N.B.), 1892; Jackson, John A., 1894; Jackson, Mrs. J. A., 1895; Jackson, Thomas, 1881; Jackson, Mrs. Thomas, 1885; Jamieson, Fred. Chas., 1893; Jamieson, Mrs. F. C., 1893; Jardine, R. C., 1886; Johnson, Arnold W., 1886; Johnson, N. A., 1894; Johnson, Russell, 1889; Jamieson, Dr. A. E., 1895; Jamieson, Mrs. Marie, (N.B.), 1889; Jackson, N. D., 1888; Johnson, Carl O., 1893; Johnson, Edwin, 1894; Johnson, H. D., 1883; Johnson, J., 1895; Johnson, C. A., 1893; Jaffray, J. A., 1886; Jaffray, Mrs. J. A., 1892; Johnson, George A., 1884; Jackson, W. J., 1895; Jackson, Mrs. W. J., 1894; Jacques, Frank, 1888; Johnson, John S., 1887.

K

Keith, E., (N.B.), 1883; Kelly, Freeman Ed., 1892; Kelly, John Edmund, 1880; Kelly, W. A., 1883; Kennedy, Samuel, 1893; Kinnaird, G. W., (N.B.), 1891; Kinney, J. A., 1883; Kirkpatrick, G. R. F., 1888; Kulak, J. J., 1892; Kulak, Peter, 1892; Kenneth, Robert, 1891; Koermann, G., 1889; Kelly, Joe, 1883; Kelly, P. S., 1882; Kerr, Thos., 1878; Killips, Mrs. N., (N.B.), 1887; Kelly, Neil, 1895; Keay, Edward J., 1887; Kelly, Henry, 1892; Kelly, E. J. (N.B.), 1895; Keeley, Henry, 1887.

L

La Certe, Gidion, 1885; Lamoureaux, Hermas, 1892; Lamoureaux, L. Oliva, 1883; Lamoureaux, Mrs. Emma, 1875; Lang, Wm., 1889; Lang, Mrs. Wm., 1883; Lauder, Thomas G., 1881; Lauder, Sarah, 1887; Lauder, Arthur J. G., (N.B.), 1899; Lauder, Lewis Reid, (N.B.), 1902; Lauder, Adeline I., (N.B.), 1894; Lauder, Norine J., (N. B.), 1896; Laurendeau, George O., (N.B.), 1895; Lavallee, Casper N., 1893; Lavallee, F. O., 1894; Larson, H., 1892; Lee, Mrs. Elizabeth, 1887; Le Lacheur, Mildred, (N.B.), 1894; Lockhart, Wm., 1892; Long, Miss Elizabeth, 1884; Looby, George, (N.B.), 1881; Looby, Mrs. John, 1883; Lucas, Francis A., 1884; Lucas, T. W., 1882; Lucas, Mrs. T. W., 1894; Lucas, Sam Brigham, (N. B.), 1887; Lucas, Miss Is. M. (N.B.), 1886; Long, P. T., 1881; Long, Mrs. G., 1892; Lang, Albert, 1884; Long, Mrs. E., 1884; Lamoureaux, Docithe, 1883; Lendrum, T. A., 1892; Lennie, Wm., (N.B.), 1870; Layton, Mrs. Sarah E., 1884; Lamoureaux, Alphonse, 1878; Lessard, Madame P. E., 1893; Lucas, Cortez D., (N.B.), 1899; Lucas, Noble O., (N.B.), 1897, Latimer, Howard, 1892; Laing, Mrs. Henry, 1894; Little, James B., 1878; Little, David, 1894; Little, John L., (N.B.), 1896; Latimer, Wm., 1881; Lee, William, 1891; Lawton, Ben, 1894; Long, George S., 1890; Longmore, John C., 1886; Looby, John, 1881.

M

Mercer, Mrs. F. A., 1888; Merritt, Mrs. F. L., 1889; Meunier, H., 1892; Meunier, Napoleon, 1892; Meunier, Wilfred, 1892; Mickelson, Ole, 1894; Miller, Jacob, 1889; Miller, John H., 1889; Miller, Philip, 1889; Miller, Albert E., 1885; Miquelon, Louis T., 1883; Miquelon, Philip A., 1886; Moir, J. D. (N.B.), 1885; Miller, Henry, 1889; Morin, Firmin, 1893; Merritt, F. L., 1883; Mayhew, Mrs. J. E., 1882; Mundell, Mrs. 1880; Mundell, Robert, (N.B.), 1896; Martin, W. H., 1895; Mitchell, John A., 1879; Malcolmson, Dr., G. H. 1895; Moore, Eli, 1882; Montgomery, Mrs. H. J., 1894; Moret, Mrs. Leon, 1889; Maxfield, W. H., 1889; Montgomery, G. T., 1892; Montgombery, Annie A., 1892; May, Alex. E., 1880; May, Mrs. Alex. E., 1889; Mulligan, George, 1894; Mann, Miss Blanche E., 1882; Morrison, A. R., (N.B.), 1881; Morris, Joseph, 1885; Moret, Mrs. O., (N.B.), 1901; Mason, J. A.., 1890; Mason, Mrs. J. A.., 1880; Morkin, P. J., 1888; Moller, Henry W., 1894; Miller, H. R., 1878; Marskell, Mrs. Ed. (N.B.), 1895; Moroney, Maud Lauder, 1881.

Mc and Mac

McKay, D. S., 1879; MacKenzie, D. S., 1895; McCrimmon, Malcolm, 1872; McCrimmon, Mrs. Malcolm, 1881; MacKenzie, K. W., 1893; MacKenzie, Mrs. K. W., 1882; MacLaren, Wm., 1895; MacLaren, Mrs. Wm., 1892; MacLeod, Mrs. A. E., (N.B.), 1892; MacPherson, L. O. N., 1895; McCauley, A. J. H., 1879; McCauley, D. A., 1892; McCauley, Mrs. S., 1892; McConnell, J. H., 1891; McConnell, Mrs. J. H., 1894; McDonald, C. J., (N.B.), 1866; McMillan, Dunc., 1889; McDougal, Mrs. A., (N.B.), 1885; McFarling, Mrs. B., (N.B.), 1892; McKinley, Daniel, 1886; McLay, Alex (N.B.), 1903; McLay, Fred J., (N.B.), 1880; McLay, Mrs. F. J., 1892; McLay, John, (N.B.), 1902; McLean, Mrs. A., 1890; McLellan, John, 1891; McLellan, Mrs. J., 1891; McLellan, Ira C., 1891; McLennan, Duncan, 1874; McLennan., Mrs. D., (N.B.), 1876; McLeod, D. J., (N.B.), 1895; McLeod, K. N., (N.B.), 1904; McLeod, K. A., 1881; McLeod, Mrs. K. A., 1881; McLeod, Mrs. Harris, (N. B.), 1900; McLeod, J. F. G., (N.B.), 1895; McLeod, J. K., (N.B.), 1896; McLennan, Kenneth, 1874; McLeod, J. W., (N.B.), 1892; Macdonel, J. S., 1880; McLaughlin, Arthur, 1893; McKenzie, J. J., 1886; McKernan, Miss, 1878; McLeod, Miss Etta, 1879; McCaig, Mrs. F. C., (N.B.), 1887; McKinley, Murd., 1887; McDonell, Angus, 1893; McDonell, Mrs. Angus, 1894; McKeen, Mrs. M., (N. B.), 1892; McLean, H., 1890; McLean, Mrs. H., 1887; McPherson, Jno A. 1878; McKay, Mrs. Mary, 1891; McGrandie, Hugh, 1881; McLean, D. H., 1877; McLean, Mrs. Emily H., 1884; McQueen, Miss Christine, (N.B.), 1898; McQueen, Miss Helen A., (N. B.), 1901; McKay, John C., (N. B.), 1893; McCue, Robert J., 1886; McCue, Mrs. R. J., 1894; McCue, Miss Eleanor, (N.B.), 1899; McCue, Miss Sarah, (N. B.), 1902; McCue, Clarence, (N. B.), 1901; McCauley, Elizabeth, 1892; McDougal, John C., (N. B.), 1883; McDougal, James G., (N. B.), 1884; Macleod, M. J., 1891; McKittrick, Austin G., 1886; McKittrick, Mrs. A. G., 1887; McKittrick, Miss Winnifred (N. B.), 1897; McKittrick, Miss Eva, (N. B.), 1895; McGee, Thomas, 1892; MacKay, Mrs. Neil W., 1881; McLeod, Murdock, 1861; McLeod, Mrs. Murdock, 1879; McDermott, R. M., 1893; McCool, I. A. J., 1888; McCuaig, Mrs. S. H., 1895; MacDonald, John L. (N.B.), 1900; McInnes, John, 1891; McBeth, Donald, 1894; McDougall, John A., 1873; McDougall, Mrs. John A., 1878; McDougall, E. H. (N.B.), 1890; McDonald, Roderick R., 1894; McAlpine, Mrs. Patrick (N.B.), 1897; McKenzie, James (N.B.), 1904; MacLeod, Mrs. A. D., 1882; McDonald, John R., 1894; McDonald, Dan, 1889; McDonald, Wm., 1855; McRae, Angus, 1891; McKay, D. S., 1881; McDonald, Mrs. Kenny, 1846; McDonald, Mrs. Joseph, 1840; McKay, Mrs. W. M., 1857; McKeen, J. H., 1888; McCallum, Mrs. T. M., 1888.

N

Nevins, Mrs. M. E., 1881; Nestor, Beguin, 1892; Nicholson, J. D., 1885; Nelles, C., 1892; Nelles, Mrs. Susan, 1892; Norquay, Alex., 1867; Norquay, Mrs. Alex., 1883; Nicholson, James S., 1889; Nicholson, Mrs. J. S., 1890; Nagle, Edward, 1883; Nagle, Edmund, 1874.

O

O'Donnell, W. J., 1878; O'Donnell, W. (N.B.), 1885; Oliver, James, 1892; Ottewell, Mrs. R. P., 1884; 1892, Ottewell, R. P., 1881; Ottewell, Mrs. R. P., 1884; Ormsby, A. W., 1881; Ormsby, Mrs. Orr, James S., 1882; O'Sulivan, Mrs. Louise, 1889; Ormsby, Miss Jennie (N.B.), 1898; Ormsby, Edward (N.B.), 1902; O'Neill, Chas., 1882; Ottewell, Sydney, 1884; Osborne, Frank, 1883; O'Conner, Letellier, 1885.

P

Puffer, W. F., 1890; Patrick, Emerson T., 1893; Paul, Mrs. P. H. (N.B.), 1895; Pearse, William, 1888; Pearse, Mrs. W., 1895; Peat, Campbell, 1884; Peel, Charles, 1890; Peel, L., 1890; Perron, Fleuri, 1883; Phelps, L. N., 1885; Piper, John Storm, 1889; Potter, A. D. (N.B.), 1893; Potter, A. E., 1882; Powell, Kingston, 1882; Powell, Mrs. K., 1892; Porter, Dr. A. E., 1882; Picard, J. H., 1884; Ponton, Mrs. A. W., 1886; Peebles, A., 1884; Pearson, H. E. (N.B.), 1884; Pearson, Mrs. H. E. (N.B.), 1891; Pearce, A., 1864; Pravo, Thomas A., 1893; Pierce, Mrs. Mary, 1885; Perry, F. J. F., 1891; Perry, Chas., 1878; Perry, Mrs. Chas., 1886; Pearce, James F., 1885; Pierce, Thomas H., 1885; Peacock, John, 1879; Pattison, A. E., 1883.

R

Reilly, Flora J., 1883; Race, George H., 1891; Rae, John, 1889; Regan, Geo. H., 1894; Reid, Andrew, 1895; Reid, W. L., 1881; Richardson, Mrs. H., 1890; Ritchie, Wm. O., 1892; Roberge, Albert R., 1891; Roberge, William L., 1891; Robertson, Rob. A., 1883; Rosenthal, Mrs. B., 1889; Rosenroll, A. S., 1895; Rowswell, G. H., 1889; Rowswell, Mrs. G. H. (N.B.), 1880; Rubbra, T. C., 1889; Rudd, H. E., 1891; Rudd, Lyall, 1883; Rutherford, A. C., 1895; Rutherford, Mrs. A. C., 1895; Ryan, James, 1893; Robb, Mrs. R., 1894; Ross, D., 1883; Reilly, J. E., 1895; Ranton, E. G., 1888; Ranton, Mrs. E. G. (N.B.), 1885; Ross, T. G., 1880; Reid, J. W., 1880; Richards, H. J., 1884; Ross, Fred, 1883; Rosenroll, Arthur S. (N.B.), 1896; Robertson, R., 1883; Ross, H. W., 1886; Ross, Mrs. H., 1886; Regan, Jam... 1893; Robb, P. A., 1890; Ross, M... Olive, 1879; Robertson, Mrs. W. ... 1883; Ryan, John, 1893; Rehaun... Adolph, 1892; Royal, Jules A., 187... Royal, Mrs. Jules A. (N.B.), 187... Rudd, Fred A., 1883; Robertso... Fred M., 1883; Ross, James, 1879 Rodberg, Mrs., 1885; Rix, C. H., 1893; Rix, Austin J., 1893; Russell, Geo. A., 1890; Rose, Mrs. Pat B., 1888; Reith, Joseph, 1893; Rankin, Mrs. Lettie, 1878; Rutherford, Cecil, 1895; Rowland, Alex., 1855; Rowland, Wm., 1855; Robertson, Dunc., 1880; Robertson, Mrs. Dunc., 1884; Ross, Fred (N.B.), 1889; Robertson, H. H., 1883.

S

Samis, Mrs. L., 1893; Schantz, Walter D., 1892; Scott, Thomas R., 1884; Scott, Mrs. Thomas R., 1884; Secord, Mrs. R., 1882; Shand, Fred J., 1884; Shand, Mrs. M. L., 1884; Sheppard, Mrs. W. H., 1884, Shields, Mrs. Etta M., 1883; Shields, Norman W. (N.B.), 1884; Speer, Wm. H., 1882; Stocks, Mrs. John, 1883; Sutherland, Cecil, 1887; Sutherland, Mrs. (N.B.), 1889; Sutherland, John, 1883; Short, Wm., 1889; Sillars, Peter, 1887; Smith, C. S., 1881; Simonson, Daniel E., 1894; Smith, Allen E., 1881; Somers, J...

(Continued on Page 15)

university grounds ... parliament buildings. Dinner was provided at the Macdonald hotel for the party after the drive. The evening was left open to the party to spend according to individual tastes.

E. G. Wickerson, traveling passenger agent, Regina, is in charge of the tour. During the day spent at Jasper park a drive to Maligne canyon is on the program. Other brief stops along the way are to be made before reaching Prince Rupert where they leave the special train and embark on the steamer for the trip down the coast to Vancouver and Victoria.

To all
Smoke
of Blen
Buy
U
20 for 25
Every package of Winc
Save these in
packs

ADDITIONAL

EDMONTON'S PIONEERS TO HAVE REUNION

(Continued from Page 14)

W. (N.B.), 1889; Storrie, Wm., 1884; Stovel, James, 1891; Suder, George (N.B.), 1892; Sullivan, Geo. L., 1894; Swift, Ernest E., 1893; Sandison, George, 1881; Sandison, Mrs. G., 1881; Stephens, John, 1882; Sutherland, R., 1884; Sutherland, J. M., 1884; Sutherland, John, 1883; Scheer, H., 1879; Steele, Mrs. H., 1882; Steele, S. E. (N.B.), 1889; Sibbald, Mrs. Wm., 1883; Smith, Frank, 1892; Swift, S. C., 1893; Schultz, Chas. (N.B.), 1891; Snellzger, Maurice, 1891; Smith, Wm. F., 1888; Schantz, Josiah O., 1892; Schantz, C. R., 1892; Shields, H. C., 1890; Simmons, Mrs. C. M., 1888; Stewart, E. F. (N.B.), 1860; Schoepp, Ludwig, 1889; Schoepp, John (N. B.), 1898; Saunders, Col. Bryce J., 1882; Samis, J. S., 1895; Samis, Mrs. J. S., 1895; Secord, R., 1881; Secord, Isabel (N.B.), 1902; Secord, Lena (N.B.), 1895; Sharp, Mrs. W. L., 1890; Shera, J. W., 1882; Sladden, Mrs. Roland (N.B.), ——; Steele, Miss Elsie (N.B.), 1901; Stewart, D. R., 1884; Stewart, Mrs. D. R., 1876; Slater, George A., 1887; Simpson, Walter E., 1894; Stewart, Mrs. A. G., 1890; Sutter, Wm. A., 1895; Sutter, Mrs. Mary, 1875; Sutter, Miss F. H., 1888; Stewart, Thos., 1881; Stewart, Mrs. Thos., 1881; Sanders, John, 1882; Stephens, W. H., 1882.

T

Taylor, Mrs. A. W. (N.B.), 1891; Tipton, John W., 1895; Toreson, Thomas, 1894; Toreson, Mrs. Thos., 1894; Tudge, Walter (N.B.), 1889; Turnbull, Robert, 1883; Turnbull, Mrs., 1883; Thomson, Geo., 1887; Thomson, Mrs. Geo., 1887; Tayler, P. E., 1887; Tayler, J. M., 1882; Thomson, Mrs. Jos., 1882; Timney, Miss Kate, 1892; Tellier, H. E., 1891; Telford, Mrs. R. T., 1895; Thibadeau, Major De B., 1892; Tudge, W. A. (N.B.), 1890; Taylor, Mrs. E. M., 1882; Thomas, Bruce, 1885; Taylor, Hedley C., 1891; Taylor, Mrs. H. C., 1892; Tate, George, 1876; Turgeon, Mrs. Cleophus, 1892; Tucker, P. H., 1890.

U

Umbach, Harvey (N.B.), 1897; Umbach, Louisa, 1892; Umbach, Israel, 1892.

V

Vaughn, Clifford E., 1894; Vaughn, Mrs. Mary, 1894; Vezina, H., 1883; Van Buskirk, O. T., 1888.

W

Welbourne, George J., 1891; Welbourne, Mrs. G. J., 1891; Welbourne, Frank H. (N.B.), 1898; Welbourne, Robert G. (N.B.), 1900; West, Mrs. Louise, 1892; Wharton, George H., 1891; Wharton, F. B. (N.B.), 1893; Wharton, Mrs. Louise, 1891; Wharton, Winnifred (N.B.), 1897; White, Neville, 1889; Wilkinson, D. W., 1893; Wilkinson, E. O., 1893; Wilkinson, Norman R. (N.B.), 1894; Wilkinson, Mrs. L. A., 1893; Wilson, Larry F. (N.B.), 1887; Wilson, Mrs. F. L., 1889; Wilson, Thomas, 1883; Wingfield, H. J., 1882; Wingfield, Mrs. H. J., 1886; Wilson, D. B., 1881; West, W. R., 1879; West, Mrs. W. R., 1889; Wood, Mrs. Leslie, 1860; Walker, F. A., 1892; Walker, A. T., 1883; Walker, Mrs. A. T., 1882; Walker, Miss Janette, 1888; West, George, 1881; West, Mrs. Geo., 1881; West, Cliff M. (N.B.), 1900; West, Robert D. (N.B.), 1897; Wilkinson, W. F. (N.B.), 1899; Wilkin, W. L., 1892; Wilson, Harry, 1892; Watson, J. J., 1887; Wilson, Mrs. F. D. (N.B.), 1859; Wheatley, M. A., 1894; Wallace, George D., 1893; Walker, John H., 1889; Watson, Finley Boyd, 1893; Watson, Mrs. F. B., 1893; Wilson, E. W., 1893; Wilson, Wm. J., 1893; Wilson, Fred G., 1893; Woollard, Mrs. Geo. (N.B.), 1895; Walter, Mrs. John, 1886; West, Kenneth A. (N.B.), 1897; West, W. R. jun. (N.B.), 1894; Wood, Ger. James, 1894; Walker, Mrs. J. J., 1894; Whiteley, Wm. E., 1883; Whiteley, Mrs. W. E., 1885; West, John, 1892; West, Mrs. John, 1893; Wilkinson, C. H. (N.B.), 1894; Watson, Robert G., 1878; Winfield, W. H. (N.B.), 1890; Wilkinson, Mrs. W. F., 1894; Woolley, George, 1885; Watson, R. G., 1878; Wilson, W. R., 1878; Wilson, Mrs. W. R., 1882; Walter, John William, 1887; Walter, Stanley, 1889; Walker, Mrs. C. L., 1893; Williams, John, 1887; Watcher, G. F., 1890; Welbourn, Charles A. (N.B.), 1897; Wood, Mrs. John, 1891; White, William Henry, 1887; White, Mrs. William Henry, 1892; Williams, John O., 1883; Williams, Mrs. J. O., 1891; Willows, John R., 1893; Wye, Edward, 1895.

Y

Young, Campbell, 1882; Young, Clifford (N.B.), 1888; Young, Mrs. H., 1860; Yeomans, J. A., 1880; Young, Fred C., 1884; Young, Mrs. W. T., 1882; Young, Hannah, 1878.

Z

Zucht, Gus, 1890.

Oldest Missionary Feted On 86th Birthday Event

Father Bellevaire, Duhamel Priest, Came to Alberta in 1880

DUHAMEL, Jan. 29.—Alberta's oldest missionary, Father Hippolyte Bellevaire, who has ministered to Indians and whites here for 54 years, was recently honored at a dinner on the occasion of his 86th birthday.

Father Bellevaire was born near Nantes, France in 1884. In 1880 he came west to do missionary work among the Indians who roamed the prairies and hunted buffalo and also to do parish work among scattered settlers.

FATHER BELLEVAIRE

In 1883, with the aid of his parishioners, Father Bellevaire built his little log frame church. It stands today on the south side of the Battle River valley, near Duhamel, where it attracts many visitors. It typifies the pioneer mission architecture.

At the old missionary's recent birthday, Lew Hitchinson, Duhamel old timer, congratulated him, on behalf of the assembled guests, on his long years of service.

STILL CARRYING ON

Father Bellevaire has been an ordained priest for more than 60 years. He still carries on his regular parish duties and, in the recent cold spell, travelled six miles to visit a sick parishioner.

Father Bellevaire still remembers the old buffalo hunts and the long, hazardous trips by dog sled he had to make to cover the wide area of his mission. He also recalls details of historical events of the west, including the Riel rebellion, and his contemporary European history of Napoleon III, the battle of Sedan and many other highlights of that period.

"Albertan" June 1, 1936.

THE KOOTENAI BROWN MEMORIAL

IN HONOR of one of the most colorful figures in the early history of Alberta, a memorial cairn is to be erected at Waterton Park Sunday, July 5.

John George "Kootenai" Brown, who will be honored by the memorial, was the original settler on the site of the present Waterton Lakes National Park, and when the federal park was created in that area he was its first superintendent. He was universally known among those who were the first pioneers of the southern part of this province.

The federal government has recently set aside in perpetuity a plot of land within the park on which the memorial will be built. Contributions are now being sought towards the memorial cairn fund, which is in charge of Canon Middleton of Cardston, who was one of the men instrumental in establishing the Waterton Lakes-Glacier Park area as a Canadian-American International Peace Park.

In comparison with most parts of the world Alberta is woefully lacking in historical background and, more especially, in historical sites. Much of the early history of the west is slipping quickly into oblivion for lack of adequate recording. For this reason, and to pay tribute to an outstanding pioneer, the Kootenai Brown memorial is worthy of the fullest support.

Next Door to the Prince

George Lane, Cow-puncher, Passes

By Charles W. Stokes

ONE of the most picturesque personalities in all Canada has gone from us since George Lane, millionaire cow-puncher and friend of the Prince of Wales, passed over the Great Divide the other day. He was almost the last of the big cattle-men of the western prairies.

One forgets exactly how many thousands upon thousands of cattle George Lane had, or how many thousands upon thousands of acres, but they must have been a-plenty. One forgets, even, exactly how many ranches he had; but one thing I do remember, that when I visited the daddy ranch—which was the famous "Bar U," near High River, Alberta—back in 1913 George Lane was raising Percheron horses as a side-line. The Percheron, you may recall, is that enormous, hefty quadruped, generally of a dappled gray color, that is used exclusively for draft purposes. It is no race-horse; but used for draft purposes, it can pull almost as much as a 3-ton truck. George Lane, raising them as a kind of hobby, had about 700 Percherons.

"An' whatya think?" he would say. "The darned old French gov'ment want to buy 'em back!" For the Percheron is almost the national horse of France.

George Lane, born in Iowa in 1856, went to Alberta in 1883 as a cowboy. The Alberta of those days—what there was of it settled—was almost entirely a ranching country,

AN OLD TIME RANCHER
George Lane, last of the big cattle-ranchers of the west, and friend of the Prince of Wales, riding range on his famous "Bar U" Ranch.

for the era of the wheat-grower, the 160-acre quarter section man, and the irrigated truck farm was not yet. The buffalo had only recently disappeared, and the prairies were still unfenced, stretching away to the horizon with a most primitive series of stretches. But Lane, so it happened, chose the psychological time to go there, for the C.P.R. was just building, and the C.P.R. had gangs of men on construction work, and those gangs had to be fed; and anybody who got really and sincerely into the meat business could not help but lay the foundation of a young fortune. Lane laid his; so did his friend Pat Burns, the Calgary packer. Lane raised beef, and sold it to Burns, and Burns sold it to the railway contractors. Eventually Lane got to own so many prime beef cattle that someone called him, not inaptly, the Cattle Baron of Canada.

But things changed. From the early nineteen hundreds onwards, settlers began to flock in. The great open spaces were surveyed, and plotted on maps as sections and quarter-sections, and before one could turn round they were being homesteaded by humbler men who raised wheat and oats and chickens and potatoes. Instead of one man owning thousands of cattle, there were thousands of men owning one cow apiece. Somebody once defined a rancher as a man who had millions of cows and steers but drank condensed milk; but very soon Alberta began to milk its own, and its butter and its cheese became so celebrated that England and even Australia began to import them.

One by one the big ranches disappeared, and with them the gay and "tuppenny colored" cowboy, who now, in middle-age, probably drives a motor-tractor and cultivates turnips. But a few remained, and George Lane was one of the hardiest. His Bar U ranch remained one of the biggest things in Canada, and even when he did take to farming, by buying out an unsuccessful "syndicate farm" near Namaka, Alberta, he conducted it on a most tremendous scale.

It was because of George Lane that the Prince of Wales became a Canadian rancher. In that remarkable first visit which the Prince paid us in 1919, Lane took him down to the Bar U for a few days' holiday away from ceremonials and receptions, and so "sold" him on the delights and joys of a rancher's life that later the Prince acquired the "E. P." ranch, right next door to the Bar U. It was Lane, also, who taught H.R.H. how to wear a five-quart Stetson hat and still look royal; and it was with Lane and other old-timers and pioneers that the Prince preferred to foregather on his subsequent visits to his property.

One does not exactly know the kind of conversation H.R.H. and Lane would carry on, as they rode together over the prairies towards the foothills, flicking their steeds with their quirts and probably throwing a mean rope, now and then, at some longhorn steer that had gone maverick. The feature-writers of the American newspapers, who hung around the doorstep of the "E. P." so unsuccessfully, invented a great deal of very picturesque dope. But in any case what they said George Lane said to the Prince was perhaps what he might have said, for Lane's was a figure of rugged simplicity, and a royal lad or two in his life meant nothing.

Lane even got elected to the Alberta Legislature once. He claimed it was a mistake, and that all he did was to go down to the constituency to speak a piece in favor of the real candidate. But anyway, they all liked him, and gave him the nomination, and before he could say "Hell an' Maria" he was a M.L.A. "I seen my dooty an' I done it," said Lane, and instead of going on with the business of being a M.L.A. he just up and resigned before he took his seat, and gave it to the Hon. Charles Mitchell.

George Lane had a charming house in Calgary, but his natural home was on the hurricane deck of a cow pony. His exceedingly tall figure, clad in respectable broadcloth but crowned with a rusty, sweat-stained "five quart," was familiar enough to us all out there, albeit his long, ambling slouch, the result of forty years in the saddle, was an awkward thing to climb into a sedan car with. Getting along in years, he became a man of affairs as well as wealth, but he never ceased to be a cowman; and his occasionally lurid vocabulary, his earnest low-pitched voice, his inexhaustible fund of homely philosophy, never deserted him. He was one of the last of a rapidly disappearing type.

FRANK OLIVER

THIS generation of Western Canadians stands between the old and the new. It is a curious position. The frontier days are receding into history, yet all the links which bind them to the present have not yet snapped. And many of us who have followed the pioneers feel as if we are standing on the borders of a country into which we can see but which we may never enter. Too often there devolves upon one of us the duty of writing the final tribute to a pioneer.

When news came to this office that the Hon. Frank Oliver had gone it was as if the old West lay dead at Ottawa, for to us—who have caught something of the flavor of those other days—Frank Oliver represented all that was fine and sturdy and kindly about the country which our fathers knew.

Nearly sixty years ago he pitched his tent on the spot where the City of Edmonton now stands, and in the years between he has been a trader, printer, merchant, publisher, member of Parliament, minister of the Crown and railway commissioner.

To define the loss which Frank Oliver's death has brought to those pioneers who knew him in the early days is a task beyond us and beyond all who have followed after. Perhaps there is no one left who can adequately define it.

Yet it is within the compass of our powers to pay tribute to the founder of the Edmonton Bulletin, a newspaper which moulded public opinion in this province in the early days and which is carrying on the traditions of its founder, and to express deep appreciation for the public services of a man who wrote his name in honorable letters into the history of the West.

He worked well to the end of a long life. There are few more comprehensive tributes than this.

CALGARY LIVE STOCK SALES & PRICES
Week Ended March 31st, 1932.

GRADING	NO. SOLD	AVRGE PRICE $	BULK OF SALES $	TOP $	TOP LAST WEEK $
CATTLE					
Steers Good & Choice	44	4.75	4.50 - 5.00	5.10	5.00
(Up to 1050 lb) Medium	105	4.15	4.00 - 4.25	4.25	4.25
" Common	38	3.90	3.00 - 3.75	3.75	3.75
Steers Good & Choice	142	4.75	4.50 - 5.00	5.25	5.00
(Over 1050 lb) Medium	27	4.15	4.00 - 4.25	4.25	4.25
" Common	10	3	3.00 - 3.75	3.75	3.75
HEIFERS Good & Choice	31	4	4.50 - 4.75	4.75	4.75
" Medium	11	4.10	4.00 - 4.25	4.25	4.25
" Common	4	3.50	3.00 - 3.75	3.75	3.75
FED CALVES Gd & Choice	41	4.85	4.75 - 5.00	5.00	5.00
" Medium	22	4.40	4.25 - 4.50	4.50	4.50
COWS Good	65	3.10	2.75 - 3.25	3.50	3.50
" Medium	16	2.35	2.25 - 2.50	2.50	2.50
" Common	5	1.75	1.25 - 2.00	2.00	--
CANNERS AND CUTTERS	7	.75	.50 - 1.00	1.00	1.00
BULLS Good	4	2.25	2.00 - 2.50	2.50	3.00
" Common	4	1.50	1.00 - 1.75	1.75	1.75
STOCKER & FEEDER Good	78	3.50	3.25 - 3.75	4.00	4.00
STEERS Common	59	2.75	2.00 - 3.00	3.00	3.00
STOCK COWS & Good	29	3.25	3.00 - 3.50	4.10	4.10
HEIFERS Common	8	2.50	2.50 - --	2.50	--
MILKERS AND SPRINGERS	--	--	-- - --	--	--
CALVES					
Good & Choice Veal	35	5.50	5.00 - 6.00	6.50	6.50
Common & Medium Veal	85	4.00	3.00 - 4.50	4.50	4.50
Grass	--	--	-- - --	--	--
HOGS Selects	276	Bacon price plus $1. per hog premium			
(W.C.C.) Bacons	987	3.80	3.75 - 3.85	3.85	3.75
Butchers	1423	3.30	3.25 - 3.35	3.35	3.25
Heavies	90	3.05	3.00 - 3.10	3.10	3.00
Extra Heavies	24	2.80	2.75 - 2.85	2.85	3.00
Lights & Feeders	471	3.05	3.00 - 3.10	3.10	3.25
Sows No.1	77	2.80	2.75 - 2.85	2.85	3.00
Sows No.2	78	2.55	2.50 - 2.60	2.60	2.75
Roughs	4	2	2.25 - 2.35	2.35	2.50
Stags	2	1.80	1.75 - 1.85	1.85	1.75
LAMBS					
Good Handyweights	109	5.00	4.50 - 5.25	5.25	5.25
Good Heavies	--	--	-- - --	--	--
Common all Weights	--	--	-- - --	--	--
Bucks	--	--	-- - --	--	--
SHEEP Good Heavy	1	3.00	3.00 - --	3.00	--
Good Handyweights	180	3.50	3.50 - --	3.50	--
Common	--	--	-- - --	--	--

B.D.W.
1-4-32.

CANON STOCKEN In Midnapore Pulpit SPANS 50 YEARS

Albertan
Sept. 4, 1933.

Recalls Adventures of Early Missionary Folk; the Woman Who Was Cured; Congregation Visits Grounds of Mrs. Helen Shaw

A SOFT-SPOKEN Alberta pioneer on Sunday returned to the Midnapore church where he preached almost half a century ago. Quietly he told the people of Midnapore and pioneers from far and near, of his arrival at the little white church of St. Paul's, on a bright May day in 1888; then he took them on down through the years and the experiences within the walls of the little church so full of memories.

The speaker was Canon H. W. G. Stocken, slight, indomitable missionary and minister in the early days of Alberta, who had come from his retirement in Victoria, British Columbia, to greet those with whom he had labored in long past days and to pay his tribute to those who had been comrades but had "gone before."

He told of the simplicity of the days of old and of the difficulties encountered by the early residents of the Midnapore district.

GAY HEARTS, SAD HEARTS

To him the walls of St. Paul's were full of memories.

"I recall the little lives that have been dedicated to God within these walls; the happy couples starting their married lives and the sad hearts of those who laid some loved one to rest," said Canon Stocken.

How men needed God's nearness in these days, Canon Stocken declared. The time was dark with foreboding of many things, but he remembered a time when things were more difficult and perplexing for western Canada and Alberta. It was just before the start of the Klondike gold rush. Money was very scarce. He recalled that a Calgary banker of the time informed him he believed, there was not $500 in hard cash in the whole settlement. It was hard for him to think that conditions today were as serious as that, but he believed that the mode of life had become more complex. "Men's hearts fail for fear," said the preacher.

Canon Stocken remembered a woman settler who came to Red Deer Lake with her two sons and who told him she had never seen money until she arrived in Calgary. She had lived in the backwoods of eastern Canada where the barter system was generally used. In such settlements the necessaries of life could always be secured by all.

DIVINE AID TO MISSIONARIES

Divine aid had been given to the missionaries in the west, Canon Stocken believed. Shortly before he left the Sarcee reserve for the Blackfeet encampments in the course of his missionary work, he had been approached by an aged Indian—One—Spot who announced bluntly: "You don't care for us."

"You know your words are not true," said Canon Stocken.

"If you cared for us, you would come and cure my wife who is sick."

"I would not be wanted," replied the missionary. "You have the medicine men."

"But the medicine men have gone and they say they cannot aid my wife. The white doctor who visited the reserve says also that he cannot help my wife. Will you come?"

Canon Stocken was without medical knowledge, but he recalled a visit to an hospital at Tunbridge Wells England when a disease similar to that assailing the Indian woman had been discussed. And in his home at Sarcee were some tablets which had been used during the illenss of his wife.

They might be effective. What the hospital doctor had told him remained in his mind.

He gave the Indian three tablets and told him to return in the morning. The Indian was waiting at dawn. His wife was much improved. Six more tablets the missionary gave the Indian for his wife and the woman was cured.

"We missionaries are simple folk and practical," continued Canon Stocken. "The Indian decided to be baptized. He was in great haste and hurried to town where he was baptized by Father Lacombe (famous Roman Catholic missionary), although that was neither here nor there.

SIDE BY SIDE

Tere was religious tolerance in those days said the missionary. He recounted the story of the famous John Glen, picturesque figure of pioneer days in Midnapore who donated the site of the church. Glen was old and ill. His priest came to him and asked if he would finance the painting of the little Roman Catholic church that has stood so long beside St. Paul's.

"Are there not churches there?" said Glen. "Have them both painted at my expense."

The divisions were narrow "when we know the teachings of Christ," declared Canon Stocken.

Canon Stocken spoke of outstanding figures in the early life of the Midnapore church—of Rev. Paske Smith who travelled from Calgary to conduct fortnightly services when the shell of the present church was erected and of that valiant half-breed missionary Rev. Robert Inkster, who was a "worthy man of God."

The service was led by Ven Archdeacon J. W. Tims, pioneer missionary of the Alberta region, who welcomed back to St. Paul's its former leader and expressed his appreciation of the presence of Rt. Rev. L. Ralph Sherman, Bishop of Calgary.

Following the service the congregation went to the grounds of Mrs. Helen Shaw, one of the early residents of the district, where acquaintances were renewed with Canon Stocken.

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Edmonton Journal, July 15
1929

Old-Time Oil Portrait Of Hon. Frank Oliver Is Gift to Association

Pioneer Grande Prairie Resident Brings Interesting Souvenir to Fair

By Edna Kells

Bringing the only oil portrait of the Hon. Frank Oliver in existence, Mr. Fletcher Bredin, prominent old-timer of Alberta, and resident of the Grande Prairie district, arrived in the city on Saturday night to attend the Edmonton exhibition. The portrait is not intended for competition. It is a gift from Mr. Bredin to the Old Timers' association and will be hung in the Old Timers' cabin on the fair grounds.

Since 1896 this portrait has been in Mr. Bredin's possession. Mr. Oliver is depicted "wearing the suit and necktie in which he first came to Ottawa," Mr. Bredin says. He remembers the suit well.

Enquiry as to how he came into possession of the portrait elicited the information that he was passing down Jasper avenue one day and noticed it in the window of a clothing store. The clerk in the store explained that it had been left by the artist, at a boarding house in part payment of a board bill, and not especially interested in art, the landlady offered it for sale. Mr. Bredin promptly purchased the picture of which he has since retained possession. The name of the artist is unknown even to Mr. Oliver, for he gave no sitting. The portrait was painted from a photograph. Mr. Bredin feels that the rightful place for the portrait is in the Old Timers' cabin, so when he turned his face from his beloved north land, he had two missions in view: to hand over the picture and to attend the exhibition where he may be found taking in the sights and exchanging reminiscences with other old timers.

Is Old Exhibitor

Mr. Breding was an exhibitor at the Edmonton fair of 1893. Earlier still, in 1878, he won a diploma for vegetables shown at the Winnipeg exhibition. He is a great gardener, and a farmer, and consequently his interest in the fair is not superficial.

A real old timer is Mr. Bredin, and one who has traversed many a long trail over the prairies. He came to western Canada in 1877. From Manitoba he drifted to North Dakota, thence to Montana, and eventually to Alberta, never spending two winters in the same place.

After coming to Edmonton he homesteaded in what was later known as Strathcona, his homestead lying east of the C.P.R. station. But presently the peaceful farm life palled and his feet burned to be off again. In 1896 he had "another attack of pioneering," and traveled northward. First of all he made a trading trip up the Mackenzie to Fort Wrigley, spending sixteen months on the trip.

Mr. Bredin conducted a trading post near Grouard on Lesser Slave lake.

Again he felt the lure of the land, and homesteaded near High Prairie, but that was "too close in." He had another attack of pioneering and returned to the Grande Prairie district where he still carries on, varying his program by operating a store and trading post at Rio Grande, twenty miles from Beaver Lodge.

One of First M.L.A.s

Mr. Bredin was a member of the first Alberta legislature and the first session was also his honeymoon, he having married Miss Marsh, a sister of the Rev. Canon Thomas Marsh, at one time stationed at the Hay river mission on Great Slave lake, now of Terrace, B.C. Miss Marsh is also of pioneer stock, she having joined her brother in mission work at Hay river. When Mr. and Mrs. Bredin moved to Grande Prairie, they both took up scrip on Bear lake, their farms adjoining. This accounts for the name of their home, "Twin Shacks." In order to comply with the homesteading regulations, they built houses on each side of the dividing line and joined them with a verandah.

One of the treasures of the Bredin home is a stone, a part of the old fireplace of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's camp at the forks of the Peace and Smoky rivers. The explorer passed the winters of 1792-93, and 1793-94 at this camp before he crossed the mountains, and on one of his northern trips Mr. Bredin discovered the remains of the fireplace and fetched the stone away. It is so shaped that it would be suitable for the keystone of the arch of a fireplace, and may some day be used for that purpose. At the present time it serves a humbler purpose: the Bredins use it for a foot-warmer.

Interesting Story

The famous rivalry between Johnny Grant, a Hudson's Bay man in charge of a post across the border, and Jim McKay, minister of agriculture in the Manitoba government, was gleefully recalled by this versatile raconteur. Grant sold out his business for $10,000 and moved to Winnipeg. Like McKay he was a half-breed and both had an appreciation of the spectacular. There was great rivalry as to which would put on the best style, and both squandered their fortunes in the struggle. Later Johnny Grant spent a summer in Grande Prairie and after he "went out" he died.

Another incident which Mr. Bredin related is that of the famous piano owned by Jim Sinclair, the first man to cross over the Sinclair pass. Sinclair joined an Astor outfit and the party started for Oregon.

They first visited Edmonton, then went south. After following the Bow river west, they abandoned their carts and continued their journey with pack horses over what is now known as the Banff-Windermere highway.

Piano Got Lost

Sinclair owned the only piano in Winnipeg and he was determined that he should not leave it behind. To own a piano in those days was a mark of distinction, and he had a vision of this instrument gracing his new home in Oregon, and confounding the residents of those parts. Transportation facilities across country were crude, so he shipped the piano by wagon to St. Louis, and from there by boat to New Orleans. From New Orleans is was to be taken by sailing vessel around the Horn, but the last stage of the journey was disastrous; the boat was wrecked and the piano was lost in the briny deep.

Mr. Bredin comes of fighting stock. His granduncle fought under Wellington in the Peninsular war. It is difficult to believe that he is seventy-two years old, but he contends that summers more or less exciting—to that number have passed over his head. Quite recently he learned to operate an automobile, and a few days ago he took a party to the Dawson creek sports, one hundred miles distant, making the return trip in three hours.

FOLKLORE

Piracy on
Peace River

The Herald-Tribune
Grand Prairie, Alberta.

Interesting News From Sexsmith

Vol. XII, No. 15 By R. A. MACLEOD September 21, 1943

A Story For The Book

On page four of the last issue of The Herald-Tribune is an article headed "Alberta Folk Lore," in which a call for pictures and stories of the early days for dramatic happenings and old manuscripts about Alberta comes from the Department of Extension, University of Alberta.

It is not expected, in submitting the following, that it will be eligible; however, we thought it a good story of the early days of what was then called Peace River Crossing, a settlement on the east bank of the Peace River, where the town of Peace River now stands. This story was told to the writer several years ago by a number of oldtimers of that part of the country, most of whom have already passed on to the "happy hunting grounds."

It appears that in those early days the upholding of the majesty of the law was in the hands of a certain party who, though short on education, was strong on making the "punishment fit the crime," although in all probability he had never heard of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado."

One day, "way back when," a man on the west side was desirous of crossing the river to get to the settlement on the east side, and either the ferry had not been installed at that time or else was not running. Anyway, after searching around for a while, he found a dugout—those canoes the Indians made by hollowing out a log, and if you ever were in one of these you will realize just how tricky they are. Not being able to find the owner, he borrowed it, with the intention of bringing it right back.

In the meantime, the owner of the dugout came along and found that it had disappeared, and immediately got another one and crossed the river to lay his complaint. The man was rounded up and brought before the minion of the law and the charge laid.

The J. P., or whatever title he held, remanded the prisoner for a couple of hours to give him time to study up his law book to see just what heading this crime came under, and after a long period of searching from cover to cover, the nearest approach he could find that might apply was Piracy on the High Seas, the penalty being death by hanging. This seemed pretty drastic, even to a man who in a murder case believed in hanging the accused first and trying him after. However, it was in the law book and there was nothing he could do about it. After calling in a few of the citizens to help him decide the case, the prisoner was fined ten dollars and a bottle of whisky he happened to have in his possession. So the day was not altogether lost, as justice was satisfied. And, incidentally, whisky was pretty darn scarce in those days in that part of the country.